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THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

Friday, November 23, 1984



Rabbi Horowitz weeps as members of his congregation indulge in mixed dancing. Cartoon from the Jewish Chronicle, London, 1911, part of the Beit Hatefutsot exhibition on British Jewry opening next week. See pages 8 and 9.

Also inside:

Police minister Bar-Lev tackles the force's image page 3

How the Jewish lobby beat an anti-Zionist plan page 5

The return of the harp page 7

Menged's storm 10

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And in the Poster Pullout: movies, theatre, dance, music, TV, art

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THE VERY qualities that Police Minister Haim Bar-Lev brings to his new job may in the end prove to be his biggest problem. Once he headed the army as chief of the general staff and he has abilities as a commander that have been sorely lacking during the last seven years. Former interior and police minister Yosef Burg tended to regard the police as a problematic and not very prestigious assignment. The difference between Bar-Lev and Burg "is like heaven and earth," says one Police Ministry bureaucrat who has worked under three ministers. And this could lead to a crisis of expectations.

Bar-Lev's reputation as a political power in the prime minister's party, his abilities as a commander and his entire view of the police have raised hopes inside the force to higher than they were even when former inspector-general Herzl Shafir brought, for one short year, some of the standards of excellence he acquired in the army.

In short, Bar-Lev wants to change the entire face of the police as it appears to itself and as it appears to the man in the street. And for that he'll have to work hard in the four years the politicians say this government will last.

THE MINISTER takes his time about things, but that doesn't mean he isn't at work. The lights burn brightly into the night in the Sheikh Jarrah government office building where the Police Ministry occupies a floor above the Housing Ministry. Bar-Lev is pleased to skip small talk and get right to the point.

"I came into this job and discovered a police force far better than its public image," he told *The Jerusalem Post*. "I have a professional force, indeed, an excellent force."

The message he has been bringing to various departments on his two-month study tour of the force has been simple: "We are heading into lean years. There won't be opportunities for increased budgets, for hiring new personnel. What we can do is reorder the budget, use the budget to implement new policies that will save resources, that will make most efficient use of the resources available."

"A fine computer system in some areas, for example, can be enhanced. More automation, so as to get more policemen onto the streets."

These general statements skimmed over the top of the controversies that have spilled onto the pages of the press during the last few years. He didn't want to discuss personalities, but as each subject came up, it was not difficult to guess how he felt about this or that commander. And he reminded the interviewer that, before he came to the force, he knew only two of the top commanders personally - Zvi Bar and Gabi Amir. Both men had served in the army.

Referring to the Assaf Hefetz affair, in which the top, army-trained police officer was convicted in a Petah Tikva disciplinary court for giving information to unauthorized personnel - in other words leaking a story to journalists - Bar-Lev also touched on several other issues, including police morale and the problems of advancement in the force compared to the army.

The Hefetz trial was "unnecessary and not positive" for the police. But, he reminded us, the trial began with Hefetz's conversations with the journalists and not in a vacuum. Nevertheless, the feeling one got while listening to him was that he would like to proclaim a war on both houses in the affair - Hefetz was wrong to talk to the journalists, but probably equally wrong was the inspector-general,

A commanding presence

Police Minister Haim Bar-Lev wants to give the force a new face, despite shrinking budgets and the low morale which resulted from years of neglect under his predecessor. He talks to The Post's ROBERT ROSENBERG about his plans.



who threw his entire weight against the Tel Aviv officer.

LEAKS, however, are a touchy subject for Bar-Lev, who is convinced that there's been an "anti-police attitude" in the press in the last few years.

"One of my top priorities," he said, talking about police morale, "is making the force a pleasant place to work...which means that when they open the newspapers they shouldn't read about a commander leaking to the press about another commander."

Twelve hours after this interview took place, one of those leaks came out in the case of Northern Police Commander Rahamim Haddad's forced retirement; and on Wednesday Bar-Lev held a top level meeting with the entire police command and laid down a tough anti-leak line to the embarrassment of some of the officers present.

One of the Bar-Lev attributes appreciated by at least some of the officers is that he's ready to slam his fist on the table and lay down the law. That's something Burg never did.

A key problem that Bar-Lev will have to deal with is promotion inside the force. He's familiar from the IDF with a system that enables a young bright officer - such as Hefetz - to advance as far as Sgan Aluf or higher by his thirties, and a retirement system that moves officers out of the army at the age of 40, unless they are "aluf or better material."

In the police things move much slower and it makes for a morale problem and a recruitment problem. At 30, a career officer in the police can hope to be a chief superintendent, and then he has to wait five or six years before moving upwards. His retirement may come later than in the army - policemen are supposed to retire at 55, but several of the top officers including Criminal Investigation Chief Yehezkiel Carthy are well beyond that age - but the time it takes for promotion can be enormously frustrating, especially as an officer watches peers in the army speed along to flashier commands and careers.

Indeed, the very pedestal upon which Bar-Lev places the army, as opposed to the not very glamorous police, affects the recruitment of young officers like Hefetz upon whom the force must rely in the coming years. While there has been improvement in the educational standards required for acceptance into the force - 10 years of schooling are the basic requirement, with higher education for officer advancement - it is still difficult to draw good men and women from the army into the police.

"I WANT a force that is objective," said Bar-Lev. By objective, he explained, he meant equality before the law, whereby "a policeman must obey the law and it doesn't matter if you are a Jew, an Arab, rich or poor, as a citizen you get equal treatment. Without discrimination." By saying that, he implied that he found a force where there was such discrimination.

It's a brave hope, but he knows there will be problems in getting to realize it. Take the issue of police brutality.

As *The Post* reported this week, some 15 per cent of the complaints made by citizens about police violence turn out to be justified. It's not yet a widespread phenomenon, but nevertheless the figures are worrying the top command - and the minister. "There are three categories of police violence," said Bar-Lev.

(Continued on page 4)

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1984

THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

PAGE THREE

The Hanukka gift
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(Continued from page 3)

"First of all, there's the complaint that has no basis whatsoever. It's becoming standard operating procedure for anybody arrested in this country to complain right off the bat about police violence."

Secondly, continued the minister, "there are those cases in which there was, indeed, excessive use of force, but it's a result of the behaviour of the suspect, even if the suspect was innocent."

"You have to understand," continued Bar-Lev, "the citizen must understand, that the policeman is working under enormous strain. He doesn't know that you are innocent. And a provocative answer, a curse, a refusal to cooperate can result in unpleasant things."

That doesn't justify police violence, the interviewer interjected. "Of course not," he replied. "But it explains it as a phenomenon. And bear in mind the fact that it's not the police but the attorney-general's office that determines whether complaints are justified or not. And, after all, only 15 per cent turn out to be justified - and of course the offending officer is appropriately disciplined, either before a police court or in a criminal court."

The third kind of police violence, Bar-Lev added, "is when there is deliberate use of force in contravention of the law." As he used the word deliberate, his tone and language also became deliberate.

There are rules and regulations concerning the use of force. And force begins with a grasp on the arm, but can become a shot from a gun. When there is such a deliberate infringement of the rules, said Bar-Lev, then all the weight of the system must be brought to bear on the offender.

But one must recognize that there are levels of urgency, of seriousness, of importance involved in each case. The qualifier was added not to justify violence or any other fault of the police, but to explain what actually goes on.

"In the case of police violence, for example, there's a difference between a policeman giving a single slap to an arrogant punk and a group of policemen beating up a prisoner. That difference should be clear."

And, on another level, the personal judgment of the policeman must always be the qualifier. "There's a different level of seriousness, of emergency, between, for example, a person running a red light and a person driving 100kph. an hour on the fast, open road between Tel Aviv and Jerusalem... There's a need, for example, for a bomb squad sapper to be on the scene within minutes of a report of a suspicious object but it can take a few hours - or, yes, even a day - for a squad to get to the scene of a break-in."

In short, he said, "there are priorities, especially in a lean force for which there aren't unlimited resources to relieve field officers."

THE INTERVIEW turned at this point to an interview of what Bar-Lev would have to do - and from himself as the man responsible for it.

There are five main categories of priorities, he said. He separated each one, and they are as intertwined as the strands of a rope. The first is the safety of the citizen, the second is the safety of the police, the third is the safety of the police, the fourth is the safety of the police, the fifth is the safety of the police.

"I want this objectivity of the policeman, as described in the law, to be a reality. It's a Kabbala or a Paganism, the public order will be preserved."

Secondly, I want to see the police, when using the force, will be a voluntary calling, and, as said, a

nice place to work.

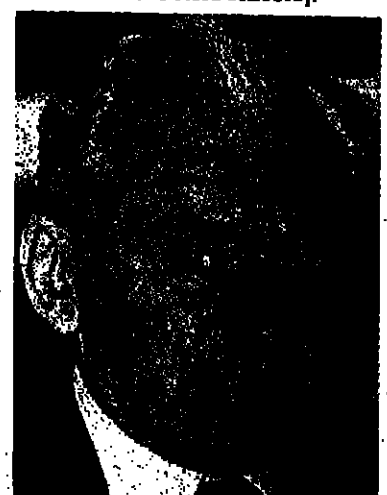
"Thirdly, I want a force in which the policeman obeys the law. That there be use of force only as required and allowed by the law... integrity, generosity, politeness, and cooperation with the public."

"Fourth, there must be proper use of the resources available to us. That can be in the matter of hiring and it can be the way the money is spent on vehicles, communications equipment. And it of course includes proper management of such budgetary issues as salaries and other work conditions."

"Fifth, the whole matter of the public image of the force, and cooperation with the policeman."

"It begins with the very minimum. Everybody - and I mean everybody - must obey the law... and guard their lives on the roads and guard their property at home."

"That's the basic thing demanded of the citizen. The maximum is volunteering, whether it's for the civil guard or for Matmid [a volunteer programme that puts civilians into uniforms a few hours a week in order to relieve field officers]."



BUT THOSE are long-range plans. Meanwhile he has some more pressing matters: There's the whole question of the inspector-generalship, and there's the problem of how to make do with an eroded budget that will probably dwindle even further.

Bar-Lev has been asked in a dozen different ways, ever since he came into office, what he plans to do about replacing Itzhan, whose leadership of the force has been controversial in affairs ranging from the Hefetz business in Tel Aviv, to the loyalty he shows towards certain other equally controversial officers.

The morning of the interview with Bar-Lev, Southern District Commander Avraham Turgeman was reported as saying that he expected to be named inspector-general, and that "it would be the force's loss" if he were not. That kind of talk usually doesn't go down well in a uniformed hierarchy - especially when relations between the various top officers on the force are as tense as they've been in the Israeli police for the last few years. And Turgeman, as he's known to loyalists, is an Itzhan man.

But Bar-Lev - possibly with tongue in cheek but it was hard to tell - said outright, "It's a good thing when there are commanders who believe they can be good inspectors-general." Although he said that the job can only be in the hands of one man at a time, he added that "this inspector-general isn't going to be there until the Messiah comes."

A short while before Itzhan's departure, Bar-Lev will make an announcement, but more significant is the manner in which he will establish his procedure and a standard for the length of an inspector-general's tenure and appointment.

Appointing an inspector-general

is a serious matter," he explained. "And you can't make a mistake. I'm going to take my time. There's no rule that says the inspector-general has to end his tenure on the first of January [Itzhan will complete four years on the job on Jan. 1], but I don't want to bring somebody into the job and after a year throw him out. There have been things like that," he noted bitterly, without referring directly to the Burg-Shafir relationship that sent the force out into a battlefield against itself. "Just be patient."

ANOTHER reason why his office lights burn late at night is the Hefetz affair. Hefetz met with Bar-Lev last week to discuss the assistant commander's future. By all accounts a first-rate field commander, Hefetz is itching to get back into the force on active duty. Still awaiting Itzhan's confirmation of the IS50,000 fine imposed in the case, Hefetz is hoping to get a field command. But the reports this week were that Itzhan is considering a training base command - or even deputy command - for Hefetz.

Bar-Lev made one thing clear: "If Hefetz really wants to contribute - and he believes he has something to contribute - then what matters is not the next job he gets on the force but rather what his job will be five or 10 years down the road."

"Theoretically, it is possible for him to be named commander in charge of a warehouse. He will get a job suitable to his rank. But obviously he won't be there forever, if he's going to stay in the police. And if all goes well, in five years or 10 years, this whole episode may simply have been a minor breakdown, rather than a full-scale crash."

Yet another issue with which Bar-Lev must deal is the Jewish terror syndrome. Believing that there will be other incidents such as the LAW missile attack on the Arab bus in Jerusalem two weeks ago, Bar-Lev includes the matter of police treatment of the underground phenomenon in his desire for a police force that "acts without discrimination."

His office has already passed that test with flying colours. Most recently there were repeated requests by the father of one of the suspects in the murder case of Aisha al Bath, the 11-year-old Nabhus girl allegedly gunned down by an Elton Moreh settler. The father sought special privileges for his son. Bar-Lev's office turned the father down.

Perhaps one of the most important units under Bar-Lev's command will be the frayed squad headed by Deputy Commander Binyamin Siegel. Responsible for white-collar crime fighting, Siegel's frayed squad is the elite of the elite. It includes accountants and tax experts, lawyers and investigators with years of experience. And in times of economic crisis, when hard currency is sought after and often smuggled abroad, Siegel's squad is bound to be overworked. Indeed, just last weekend, newspapers carried small advertisements seeking new recruits to the squad.

"It's a unit that has to be strengthened," said Bar-Lev, without going into detail.

ASKED to compare heading the army with heading the police, Bar-Lev dwelled on the different promotion systems in the two uniformed forces.

"The IDF fights against an enemy. The police work inside a population that is their principle enemy. The police work is not a

The Hoskins Affair

A united effort by American Jews in 1943 succeeded in staving off an attempt to nip plans for a Jewish State in the bud. LOUIS RAPOPORT recalls the victory and concludes that similar efforts could have been made to rescue European Jewry.



Roosevelt and Churchill - both backed the call for a declaration disavowing commitment to a Jewish state.

AMERICAN JEWS during World War II were not "powerless," as some defenders of the wartime Zionist and Jewish establishment still declare when countering charges of inaction or silence in the face of the Holocaust. Nothing proves this more than "the Hoskins affair" of 1943, which involved Zionist issues and not the question of rescue. The establishment Zionists, and the young Palestinians in the United States led by Peter Bergson, managed to torpedo a joint U.S.-British declaration that would have disavowed commitment to a Jewish state in Palestine, and denied freedom of expression to a minority in the United States.

The proposal - all but forgotten today - had the backing of President Roosevelt and Churchill; and, according to Sir Isaiah Berlin, in a letter he wrote to me, 40 years after witnessing the affair as an official at the British Embassy in Washington, it would have been "a terrible blow" to the Zionist cause.

The group led by Peter Bergson (an alias for Hillel Kook) played an important role in the affair. From 1940 and throughout the war, the Bergson group, Zionist followers of Ze'ev Jabotinsky, conducted a controversial publicity and lobbying campaign for a Jewish Army of Palestine and stateless Jews to fight Hitler. Their efforts evolved in 1943 into a campaign to press the U.S. government to set up a special rescue agency to save European Jews. The group attracted a wide spectrum of supporters - government officials, congressmen, intellectuals and prominent personalities - including Rep. Will Rogers, Jr., Senator Edwin Johnson, Senator Guy Gillette, Max Lerner, Paul O'Dwyer, Ben Hecht, Hannah

Arendt, Louis Bromfield and Herbert Hoover.

The group's flamboyant tactics - full-page ads in leading newspapers and magazines, stage spectacles, national conferences - aroused the ire of the mainstream Zionists. The establishment, personified by Rabbi Stephen Wise, maintained that the Bergsonites were irresponsible; and a great deal of effort was expended on trying to destroy the "upstarts," as Wise called them. At the same time, the official Zionists put post-war aims in Palestine at the head of their agenda, with the rescue issue second. For the Bergsonites, it was the other way around.

In the Hoskins affair, a real threat to the future Jewish state arose, and, for various reasons, American Jews displayed the very strength they are said to have lacked when it came to the matter of mobilizing for a rescue campaign.

LT. COL. HAROLD B. HOSKINS, an Arabist in the Office of Strategic Services - the precursor of the CIA - became Roosevelt's special Near East envoy after he predicted in a report in January 1943 that there would be bloody fighting in the spring between the Zionists and Arabs in Palestine which would have "domestic repercussions" in Britain and the U.S., as well as inflame the entire Moslem world "from Casablanca to Calcutta."

Hoskins, the son of an American missionary, had been born in Beirut, and educated at the virulently anti-Zionist American University of Beirut, as well as Princeton.

His first mission for FDR had been in October 1942, to build an intelligence network - the OSS euphemism was "friendly contacts" - in the Arab world. His bombshell report, three months later, called for

a joint declaration by Britain and the U.S. that would have quashed public debate and all lobbying related to the Palestine question until the war's end. The report urged that any eventual agreement on Palestine be contingent on Arab consent - otherwise, civil war would erupt, endangering the entire Allied war effort.

Hoskins said that the Arabs would break the informal truce that had existed in Palestine since the outbreak of the war in 1939 because they felt "that the Zionists, by continuing a world-wide propaganda for a Jewish State in Palestine, have not kept their part of the bargain." He also wrote that the Jews of Syria and Iraq and other countries would be slaughtered as soon as fighting broke out.

In warning of the effects of the Arab-Jewish conflict on the U.S., the unorthodox OSS agent said that "our domestic disunity is aggravated by dissension among American citizens of various foreign-born groups and increasing conflicts among various Jewish groups; as well as increasing anti-Semitism." The conflict he was referring to was a campaign led by Stephen Wise, Nahum Goldmann and others against the Bergsonites.

Hoskins maintained that the proposed Allied statement would ease the tension in the Near East and constitute the military equivalent of at least several divisions that would have to be pulled out of the war. His full proposal said that 10 additional divisions would be needed in Palestine unless Zionist agitation, especially the campaign for a Jewish Army, was stifled immediately. His report agreed with the British view, as well as the general assessment in the State Department, where he had once worked, that there would be an Arab spring if

Jewish refugees were allowed sanctuary in North Africa or Palestine.

THE STATE DEPARTMENT'S Wallace Murray, head of the Near East desk, was considered the most intransigent foe of Zionism in the government. He tried to get Secretary of State Cordell Hull and Under-Secretary Sumner Welles to accept a draft of the joint declaration based on Hoskins' report; but, according to an August 1943 Foreign Office report written by Isaiah Berlin, Murray was rebuffed.

Both Hull, whose wife was Jewish, and Welles were generally considered to be out of step with the rest of the department on "the Jewish question." Hull was worried about offending American Jewry, and was almost neurotically sensitive to criticism in the obscurest journals. Berlin commented - he cited the New York newspaper PM, whose columnists included Ben Hecht, Max Lerner and I.F. Stone.

Hoskins' position, however, got backing after similar recommendations were made on May 5, 1943, by another FDR emissary, General Patrick Hurley of Army Intelligence. The British also were pressing for the joint declaration, which would have frozen any prospect of a Jewish State in Palestine, although it did not positively exclude this option in the future. According to Berlin, four decades after the event: "It would have inflicted great damage to Zionist activity" and was clearly conceived in the spirit of the British White Paper of 1939, which virtually closed the gates of Palestine to Jewish immigration on the eve of the war.

"Churchill's name would certainly have shaken the American Jewish community (not to speak of the Jews in the British Commonwealth), but

Roosevelt's (would have done so) much more violently," Berlin says, because "Roosevelt was at the time a great Jewish hero in America and the entire free world; a statement made on his authority that Zionism was doing harm to the war effort would have produced a deep trauma: Jewish loyalists would have come into conflict with those to America..."

In any case, it would have been a devastating blow - and that is how it was perceived by the Zionists. Although no one outside the government had actually seen the Hoskins report, information had been leaked to the Zionists that the declaration was imminent; and they were in a panic.

AT THE END of July 1943, FDR instructed his top Jewish aide, Judge Samuel Rosenman, to call a meeting in New York of Jewish leaders and to "sell" them on the necessity of the joint statement on Palestine. Upon hearing of the proposed declaration, Rabbi Wise rushed to see the president - or so he told his fellow Jewish leaders. However, he afterwards gave conflicting and jumbled accounts of what had happened - Isaiah Berlin conjectured in his report at the time that this was because "Stephen Wise is really getting very gaga."

In fact, it is still not clear that Wise actually met with FDR about the affair, or whether he was simply repeating what Rosenman said was FDR's position. Berlin spoke to Rosenman and to the Jewish Agency's representative, Nahum Goldmann, about the affair and reported back to the Foreign Office in his August 9 report on how the Hoskins report and the joint declaration came to be shelved shortly after FDR had received them so enthusiastically. (Continued on page 6)

(Continued from page 5)

siatically. Berlin said at the time that he did not have all the facts "of this dark story," but went into great detail about what he did know because "it is an absolutely clinical case of how things get done in Washington nowadays."

COMMENTS ON Berlin's lengthy report were scrawled by four Foreign Office officials. The first, by H.M. Eyres, said: "This is a fascinating story, and rather ominous as showing just what Jewish influence in the U.S. can achieve. I think we have heard the last of the Palestinian declaration."

Despite the anti-Semitic tone of the official, writing at the height of the Holocaust, it was an absolutely accurate appraisal: the declaration would not be taken off the shelf, and the American Jews could and did exercise power—when it was in their interest to do so.

Berlin's report said that even anti-Zionist Jews in official Washington were upset about the proposed declaration, fearing that "the Zionists would inevitably issue a shriek," and the ensuing public controversy would be bad publicity for the Jews, Zionists or not. Nevertheless, both pro-Zionist Berlin and his colleague at the embassy, William Hayter, thought that the anti-Zionist declaration should be issued immediately. According to the Berlin report, "delay would automatically invite intrigue. We were, therefore, somewhat dismayed to learn that the statement had been postponed in order to get the War Department to vet it and if necessary to strengthen it." This delay gave the Zionists a chance to mobilize, and "terrific lobbying followed."

Berlin today says that he was not entirely responsible for the "final version" of his report to the Foreign Office, that it had been altered by an anti-Zionist official at the embassy.

BERLIN, ONE OF the leading intellectuals of our era, was in a delicate position at the anti-Zionist embassy. He was formally attached to the Ministry of Information, but in fact he was, in his own words, "a reporter of opinion," and an eloquent one at that. He reported on the Zionist and Jewish leaders' activities to the Foreign Office, while at the same time providing information to colleagues and supporters of Chaim Weizmann.

In a letter written in November 1983, Berlin said that he was "personally immensely relieved by the failure of this bitterly anti-Zionist effort. So were some Jews highly placed in the administration to whom I spoke of it after Drew Pearson had given it wide and hostile publicity."

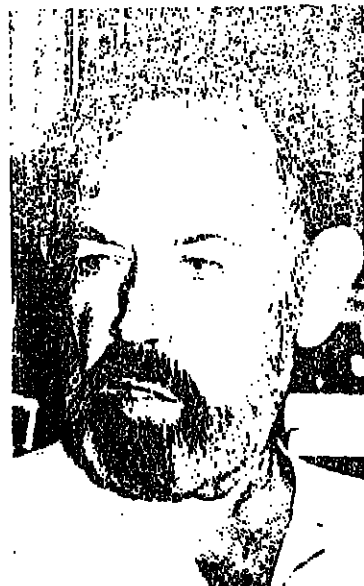
According to the 1943 Berlin report, Judge Rosenman "who is neither Zionist nor really anything in particular...went to New York to persuade Wise to stop Jewish Army advertisements etc., in return for suppression of the statement. Wise pointed out, quite justly, that he had no control over the Jewish Army people, but that he would see what could be done. Negotiations to this end are vaguely proceeding."

(There was an earlier parallel in a British government request to Weizmann to stop the Jewish Army campaign, and the Zionist leader's reply to Lord Halifax that the Bergson group would not listen to him. The Zionist establishment tried, nevertheless, to frustrate the movement for a Jewish Army.)

ACCORDING TO Peter Bergson today, Rabbi Wise, after talking



(Above, left) Isaiah Berlin, (right) Hillel Kook, alias Peter Bergson, (below, left) Stephen Wise, (right) Cordell Hull.



with Rosenman, had telephoned and asked Bergson to attend a meeting in New York of about 10 Zionist leaders. At the meeting, Wise said that Roosevelt had told him personally that unless the Jewish Army Committee's ads were stopped, he would alter the tax exemption status of all Zionist organizations in the United States.

Wise berated Bergson, as he had done in the past, for being an "unappointed" spokesman for half a million Palestinian Jews and for the stateless Jews of Europe, while he, Wise, was "responsible for five million American Jews who are endangered" by the Bergson group's propaganda campaign. Wise added that FDR intended to release the potentially disastrous declaration soon, but he didn't know when. Bergson responded that he would bring the matter before the leadership of his committee immediately.

Around the same time, Wise wrote Weizmann and said that FDR had told him on July 22 that he was upset by one of the Bergson group's fiery statements and that he wanted to put an end to the activities of the vocal and irritating group. In his letter, Wise showed, as he often had in the past, that the fear of an anti-Semitic backlash in America preoccupied his thoughts. A primary goal was to silence the Bergsonites, whether or not their activist approach might benefit the Jews of Europe.

Bergson contacted his friend Senator Edwin Johnson, chairman of the Senate Military Affairs Committee and national chairman of the Committee for a Jewish Army, to find out what he knew of the Hoskins report. The influential senator was puzzled—no one in the government had told him about it. He said he would check it out right away.

Meanwhile, Bergson had coincidentally heard Hoskins' name mentioned by Congressman Will Rogers, Jr., who said that the colonel had recently spoken to a group of Republican congressmen about the report. Bergson called Johnson again and told the Colorado Democrat what he had heard, adding that it seemed strange to him that the report should be treated as a partisan issue.

Johnson was furious and whipped off a letter to Chief of Staff George Marshall, demanding an inquiry into Hoskins' activities. After Johnson finally obtained the Hoskins report, he told Bergson that the recommendations in it were based purely on opinion, that there was no substantiation for his assessments of a possible Arab revolt.

He was not alone in this assessment. I.F. Stone, the left-wing journalist, wrote in *The Nation* a few months later (March 18, 1944) that Hoskins was "politically a Syrian nationalist" who had given FDR alarmist reports.

On July 13, 1943, General Marshall replied to Senator Johnson's letter, and stated that "the War Department did not authorize the appearance of this officer before members of the Senate to discuss problems of the Near East" and that steps would be taken to "prevent a recurrence of unauthorized activities by Lt. Col. Hoskins."

THE ESTABLISHMENT Zionists, meanwhile, had approached Treasury Secretary Henry Morgenthau, according to Berlin's original report on the affair. Morgenthau had been "inexpressibly shocked" by the ferocious language of the draft declaration and said he would do his best to stop it. He defended the right of the Bergson group and the mainstream

Zionists to freedom of speech, saying that if Britain was anxious about the security situation in Palestine, they should ask the U.S. for more troops "and not seek to deprive U.S. citizens of their constitutional liberties...never before had any such attempt been made to silence a minority of citizens." Morgenthau was quoted as saying:

What Morgenthau didn't say was that the attempt to gag the Zionists in America was not initiated by the British, but by Hoskins of the OSS and his loyal sponsor, President Roosevelt.

Further pressure against issuing the declaration was brought to bear by industrialist Herbert Bayard Swope of General Electric, a Jewish assimilationist and anti-Zionist connected with the War Department, who argued that publication of the declaration would set off the riots in Palestine that the document aimed to prevent. The Jews would inevitably be blamed for the ensuing bloodshed and the obstruction of the Allied war effort, and an anti-Jewish backlash in America would not discriminate between Zionists and non-Zionists.

A Swope or a Rosenman, like Rabbi Wise, could not be considered "powerless"—not when the issue concerned American Jewry itself. They acted forcefully on behalf of the "threatened" Jews of America.

Swope, long the factotum of Bernard Baruch, took the matter up with the venerable financier and adviser to presidents. Baruch, who was worried that anything said about Jews at that moment would increase U.S. anti-Semitism, discussed the proposed declaration with his old friend, Secretary Hull, while Swope, Morgenthau and Senator Johnson, working entirely separately, got the War Department to say that it was unwise to proceed further.

War Secretary Harold Stimson, who had been a supporter of the Jewish Army cause and did not think the Bergson group should be muffled, was also provided with ammunition in the form of Chief of Staff Marshall's reprimand to Hoskins. Nor was Stimson likely to ignore Armed Forces Committee Chairman Johnson's opposition to the joint declaration.

ON AUGUST 6, 1943, Hull wrote Rosenman that Stimson had informed him on the previous day that the War Department would not support the Hoskins proposal, and "that settled it so far as the State Department is concerned..."

As to who leaked the story to the press, Berlin in his report said he thought that Swope had given the Hoskins file to Drew Pearson; but, he added, "the Zionists say the Jewish Army people (their regular scapegoat and alibi) told P."

Why was Stimson's veto enough to kill the declaration? If FDR was really so intent upon issuing the statement based on Hoskins' proposal, why didn't he overrule his war secretary?

The president realized that he was facing, for the first time, united Jewish and Zionist opposition representing the entire spectrum: the clamorous Bergson group in the same company as Baruch, Felix Frankfurter, Wise, Morgenthau and Rosenman. All would be in open revolt if the joint declaration were forced through. Stimson's negative response provided the perfect excuse for backing out—not only for Hull, but for FDR as well.

No single group or individual was responsible for torpedoing the Hoskins scheme, although the Bergsonites thought that they alone had

totally discredited the colonel and brought about the demise of the declaration.

Berlin observed in his Foreign Office report that the only moral to be drawn from the affair was that "the Zionist lobby seems to be strong enough to achieve at any rate short-lived triumphs, and this fact should be taken into consideration." He said—or his tampered-with report said—that it was "a melancholy thing" that the State Department's Eastern Department and OSS man Hoskins had failed so ignominiously in a task that was looked upon so favourably by His Majesty's Government.

Hoskins himself seemed to be in hot water because of General Marshall's reprimand, and he asked to meet Senator Johnson. The senator refused to see him, however, saying that he was nothing more than a propagandist. But Hoskins still had a friend at the top. Unlike some of the State Department officials who shared his anti-Zionism, Hoskins had easy access to the White House, and often dropped in for chats or lunch with Roosevelt, who thought highly of the Princeton-educated OSS agent. And FDR would send him on further missions to the Middle East, mainly for talks in Saudi Arabia with King Ibn Saud.

THE HOSKINS AFFAIR proved to be a significant event—or aborted event—in Jewish history. Yet to date it has not been examined in detail by scholars. It demolishes the argument that the Jews and Zionists in wartime America were too weak to influence the government.

Though Isaiah Berlin had noted in his August 1943 report that American Jews were far from powerless, in 1983 he would say that he had not realized just how strong American Jewry really was: "I also underestimated, at times, as it turned out, Jewish influence on American opinion at such crucial times as 1944-45," Berlin wrote on September 19, 1983.

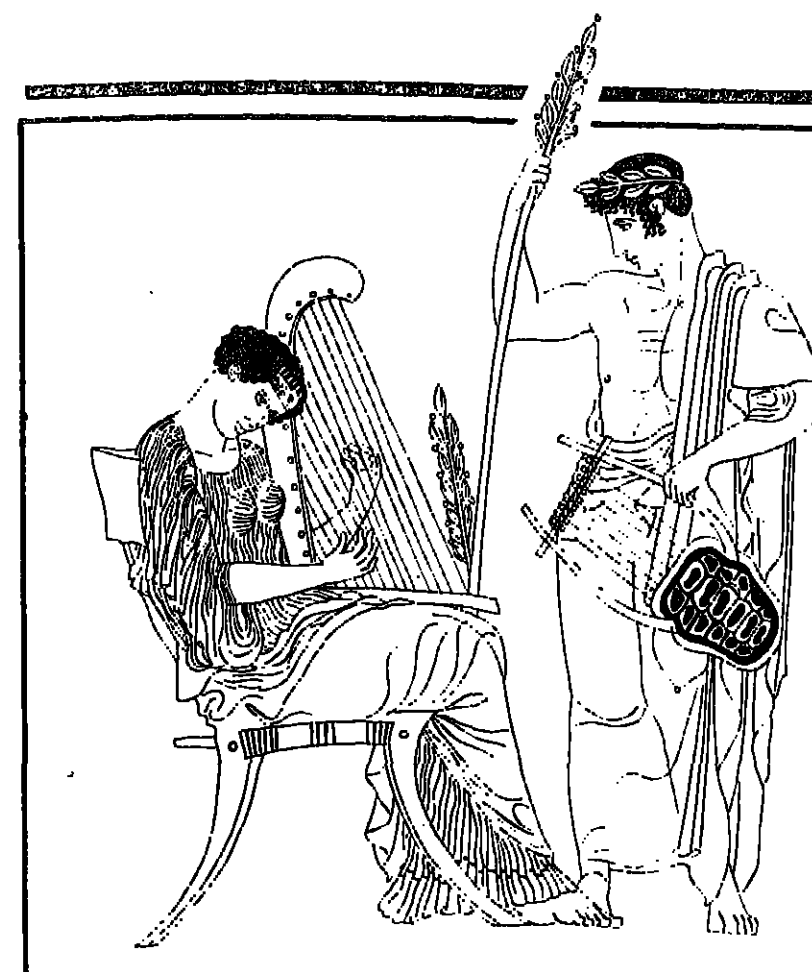
For their own reasons, the establishment Zionists, the Bergsonites and the anti-Zionists or non-Zionist Jews were unified in opposition to the proposals made by Hoskins and the State Department. They showed great strength in defeating plans favoured by FDR, the British and most of the State Department hierarchy.

No similar effort was made—except by the Bergson group—to lobby intensely for the rescue of Jews from Nazi satellite states. It was a question of priorities: the Bergsonites, after November 1942, put rescue first, Palestine second. The mainstream Zionists openly admitted—even at the height of the Holocaust—that Palestine should be "first and foremost" on the agenda, as Zionist leader Dr. Israel Goldstein said in a statement at the establishment's American Jewish Conference in June 1943. Rescue was a poor second.

COLONEL HOSKINS faded from the spotlight after his missions in 1942-44. Eventually, he left the secret service and returned to the State Department, where he fitted in comfortably.

He was director of the department's Foreign Service Institute from 1955-1961, training a new generation of diplomats. Later, not surprisingly, he became a Middle East consultant to Standard Oil of New Jersey.

When he died in 1977, *The New York Times* in its long obituary never mentioned the historic report which bore his name and which, but for the lobbying efforts of the American Jews, almost became Allied policy.



The return of the harp

A young couple in Tiberias is producing what may be the first harps made here since biblical days. HELGA DUDMAN reports.

"GET OUT OF guitars. Get into harps." This advice was given seven years ago in California to Micha Harari by a master craftsman and harp maker. At that time Micha was making guitars and wooden flutes, and repairing other stringed instruments; but it was a harp that his wife Shoshana wanted for her birthday. Shoshana didn't get her harp then; in fact, the craftsman told Micha that he had a three-year backlog of orders.

But the advice stuck and now, several birthdays later, Shoshana will soon have a choice of instruments. The Hararis came to Israel two years ago and have been in Tiberias for about a year. Here Micha has just finished his first "David's harp." He plans to make a limited number every month.

"There has been a kind of renaissance in America in fine wood-working generally, and in folk instruments such as harps specifically," Micha told me when I met him in his workshop. Many of the maturing former hippie generation are now into the intricacies of fine craftsmanship—"that is, those who haven't gone completely straight and into computers."

America now has a monthly *Folk Harp Journal*, which carries articles on such esoteric subjects as the history and structure of the Paraguayan harp and the renaissance of the Celtic harp in Britain.

IN HIS Tiberias workshop, Micha was busy sanding a "harmonic curve," one of the three sections that make up the instrument's beautiful shape. He calls his version "David's harp," and uses such hardwoods as mahogany and walnut from Africa—just the varieties King Solomon's ships once brought.

Smaller than today's concert harp, his is about 60 cm. high and has 24 bronze strings, with a range of three octaves, tuned diatonically. The delicate decorative carvings are done by Shoshana, who has also worked in stained glass and other crafts. "If David were playing his harp today," Micha insists, "this is the kind of instrument he would use."

For the biblical message of their project, Shoshana has chosen a quotation from I Samuel (both her grandfathers were rabbis in Russia; Micha's father went to America from Syria as a young man): "And it came to pass, when the evil spirit

from God was upon Saul, that David took a harp, and played with his hand; so Saul was refreshed and was well, and the evil spirit departed from him."

MUSIC IS OFTEN mentioned in the Bible, therapeutically and otherwise. But while there has been considerable research on the probable nature of ancient instruments, little archaeological evidence about them has been found: wood, reed, hide and gut are perishable, and sculptured scenes showing musicians of Babylon and Egypt were forbidden to the Jews by the Second Commandment.

Knowledge about ancient Hebrew instruments therefore comes mainly from literary references and comparison with known instruments in the surrounding nations. One interesting theory about the earliest emergence of the harp in Egypt points to its origins in the twang of the hunter's bow—the primitive "nanga."

Hybrids came millennia later, such as harp-lutes, which combined the features of harp, lute and guitar. (This is hardly the place to discuss what is known as the "Jew's harp,"

which my Oxford dictionary describes as a "small lyre-shaped musical instrument played by holding frame between teeth...")

The Hebrew *kinor* is usually translated in the English Bible as "harp," for which the modern Hebrew word is *nevel* and which many experts think is wrong. But that is only the beginning of the confusion over terminology. *Kinor* should probably be "lyre," smaller than the harp, with fewer strings and a different construction; but it has also been translated as "cithara."

Then there is the Hebrew *ysor*, often thought to be a 10-stringed *nevel*, but considered by a leading expert to be a 10-stringed zither—which was not used in Egypt or Mesopotamia, but was played in Phoenicia. According to the Talmud, the harp had more and larger strings than the lyre. These were made from the large intestines of sheep, while the lyre's strings were made from the small intestines. My pocket dictionary translates *nevel* as "lyre," but "harp" as *nevel*.

ALL QUITE confusing, and not really essential to Micha's singing and joining and tuning. He has vi-

sited the Haifa Music Museum for technical background and advice, and the walls of his workshop are covered with detailed technical plans. His first production has already been spoken for by a buyer. The price is about \$350, and designs can be varied according to customer specifications.

HARP exports from the Holy Land are thus a small but enticing possibility, for where big corporations are stumbling these days, a modest project with a unique product might make beautiful dollar-earning music.

AS A gift for the hard-to-please, a "David's harp" would have matchless snob appeal: it is associated with royalty, and one beautiful medieval Irish harp is traditionally said to have belonged to King Brian Boiroinne. On its own custom-made stand, or hanging from the wall of some super-villa abroad, it would be a wonderful conversation piece, backed by a light strum. And who knows, by the time the next International Harp Festival is held here, we could have a short prelude on the first harp made in this part of the world in 2,000 years.

Shoshana Harari strums as she swings and (right) Micha in his workshop.



JERUSALEM Cinemas

CINEMA 1 ONI' in Jerusalem Cinema

Buses 18, 19, 24, Tel. 415067

Fri., Nov. 23:
Double feature/1 ticket:
Passenger in the Rain 7.30
Blame It on Rio 7.45
Sat., Nov. 24:
Zelig 6.30
Blame It on Rio 7.45
M*A*S*H 9.30
Sun., Nov. 25:
Zelig 6.15
Blame It on Rio 7.45
M*A*S*H 9.30
Mon., Nov. 26:
Montenegro 6.30
Zelig 8.15
Passenger in the Rain 9.30
Tue., Nov. 27:
Les Uns Et Les Autres 6.30
Montenegro 9.30
Wed., Nov. 28:
Contemporary Tales 6.45
Les Uns Et Les Autres 8.45
Thurs., Nov. 29:
Contemporary Tales 6.45
The Godfather (Part 1) 8.45

EDEN
DEADLY FORCE
Sat. 7.9
Weekdays 4.7.9

EDISON
THE CHALLENGE
Sat. 7.9
Weekdays 4.7.9
Tickets: 15000 all week from Sat.

HABIRA
ROSEMARY'S BABY
Sat. 7.9
Weekdays 4.7.9

ISRAEL MUSEUM
Sat. 8.30
RETURN OF MARTIN GUERRE
Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 3.30
SWAN LAKE
Tue. 6.30
WE OF THE NEVER NEVER

KFIR
SPLASH
Sat. 7.9
Weekdays 4.7.9

MITCHELL
ATALIA
Sat. and Weekdays 7.9

ORGIL
PARIS-TEXAS
Sat. 7.9.15
Weekdays 4.6.30.9
(no discount tickets)
Tickets: 15000 all week

ORION
GHOST BUSTERS
They're Here to Save the World
Sat. 7.9
Weekdays 4.7.9

ORNA
Tel. 224733

2nd week
EXTERMINATORS OF THE YEAR 3000
Sat. 7.9
Weekdays 4.7.9

RON
BEYOND THE WALLS
Sat. 7.9
Weekdays 4.7.9

SEADAR
ANOTHER TIME ANOTHER PLACE
Sat. and Weekdays 7.9.15

SMALL AUDITORIUM BINYENEI HA'UMA

TOP SECRET

Sat. and Weekdays 7.9
Tickets: 15000 all week

TEL AVIV Cinemas

ALLENBY THE OUTSIDERS

Sat. 7.15.9.30
Weekdays 4.9.7.15.9.30

BEN-YEHUDA WOMAN IN RED

Tonight 10.12
Sat. 7.15.9.30
Weekdays 4.30.7.15.9.30

CHEN 1 SPLASH

Fri. 9.50 p.m., 12.30 p.m.
Sat. 7.20.9.45
Weekdays 4.40.7.20.9.45

CHEN 2 REUBEN REUBEN

Tonight 10.12.15
Sat. 7.20.9.40
Weekdays 4.45.7.20.9.40

CHEN 3 GREY FOX

Tonight 10.12.20
Sat. 7.30.9.40
Weekdays 4.45.7.30.9.40

CHEN 4 THE BIG CHILL

Tonight 10.12.15
Sat. 7.25.9.40
Weekdays 10.30.1.30.5.7.25.9.40

CHEN 5 ROMANCING THE STONE

Tonight 9.50.12.15
Sat. 7.20.9.45
Weekdays 10.30.1.30.5.7.20.9.45

CINEMA ONE BOLERO

Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. 7.15.9.30
Weekdays 4.30.7.15.9.30

CINEMA TWO LULU

Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. 7.9.30
Weekdays 4.30.7.9.30

DEKEL WITHOUT A TRACE

Sat. and Weekdays 7.15.9.30

DRIVE-IN L'AVARE de Molière

(The Miser by Molière)
Tonight 10
Sat. and Weekdays 9.30

BOLERO

Fri. 12.15 p.m.
Sat. and Weekdays 12 midnight
Sex Film

ESTHER ANGEL

Tonight 10 p.m.
Sat. 7.15.9.30
Weekdays 4.30.7.15.9.30

GAT CARMEN

Sat. 8.30.9.30
Weekdays 3.30.6.30.9.30

GORDON THE HERD

A new film by the director of 3rd
Sat. 7.10.9.30
Weekdays 4.40.7.10.9.30

HOD TOP SECRET

Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. 7.15.9.30
Weekdays 4.30.7.15.9.30

INSTITUT FRANCAIS 110 Haynarkon St.

Sat. Nov. 24
VIVEMENT DIMANCHE 7.30
Tue., Nov. 27
HISTOIRE D'ADRIEN 7.30

LEV I BEYOND THE WALLS

Tonight 9.30.11.30
Sat. 7.15.9.30
Weekdays 1.45.4.45.7.15.9.30

LEV II DUTY FREE MARRIAGE

Tonight 9.30.11.30
Sat. 7.30.9.40
Weekdays 1.45.5.7.30.9.40

LIMOR FUNNY PEOPLE II

Tonight 10.12
Sat. 11 a.m., 7.15.9.30
Weekdays 4.30.7.15.9.30

MAXIM ZIGZAG STORY

Sat. 7.15.9.30
Weekdays 4.30.7.15.9.30

MOGRABI GHOST BUSTERS

Tonight 10 p.m.
Sat. 7.15.9.30
Weekdays 8.30.7.15.9.30

ONLY 16 CANDLES

* MICHAEL RINGWALD
* PAUL DORREY
* JUSTIN HEFNER
Sat. 7.15.9.30
Weekdays 4.30.7.15.9.30

HAIFA Cinemas

AMPHITHEATRE ONE DOWN, TWO TO GO

Sat. 7.9.15
Weekdays 4.6.45.9

ARMON GHOST BUSTERS

They are here to save the world
* DAN ACKROYD
* BILL MURRAY
Sat. 7.9.15
Weekdays 4.6.45.9

ATZMON ANGEL

* CLIFF GORMAN
* SUSAN TIRLI
Sat. 7.9.15
Weekdays 4.6.45.9

CHEN BEYOND THE WALLS

Sat. 7.9.15
Weekdays 4.6.45.9

MORIAH CADDIE

Sat. and Weekdays 7.9
Thursday - midnight show

ORAH WOMAN IN RED

A terrific comedy
* KELLY LE BROOK
* GENE WILDER
Sat. 7.9.15
Weekdays 4.6.45.9
No complimentary tickets

ONLY THE HERD

A new film by Yilmaz Guney,
the director of Yol
Sat. 7.9.15
Weekdays 4.30.7.9.30

PEER MOSCOW ON THE HUDSON

A Paul Mazursky film
Sat. 7.9.15
Weekdays 4.6.45.9

RON TOP SECRET

Sat. 7.9.15
Weekdays 4.6.45.9

SHAVIT PARIS-TEXAS

Last showing
Tickets 151.000
Sat. and Weekdays 6.30.9

TEL AVIV MUSEUM LOS SANTOS INOCENTES

Sat. 7.30.9.30
Weekdays 4.30.7.30.9.30

ZAFON PARIS-TEXAS

Tonight 10
Sat. 7.30.9.30
Weekdays 4.6.45.9.30

HAIFA Cinemas

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TEL AVIV MUSEUM LOS SANTOS INOCENTES

Sat. 7.30.9.30
Weekdays 4.30.7.30.9.30

ZAFON PARIS-TEXAS

Tonight 10
Sat. 7.30.9.30
Weekdays 4.6.45.9.30

LILY WOMAN IN RED

Tonight 10
Sat. and Weekdays 7.15.9.30

OASIS GHOST BUSTERS

Tonight 10
Sat. 7.15.9.30
Weekdays 4.30.7.15.9.30

ORDEA MARIA'S LOVERS

Sat. and Weekdays 7.15.9.30

RAMAT GAN CANNONBALL RUN II

Sat. and Weekdays 7.15.9.30

DAVID STEETS OF FIRE

Sat. 7.15.9.30
Mon. 7.15.9.30 only
Weekdays 4.30.7.15.9.30

HECHAL MARIA'S LOVERS

Sat. and Weekdays 7.15.9.30
Mat. 4.30
FORCED VENGEANCE

TIFERET BEYOND THE WALLS

Sat. and Weekdays 7.15.9.15
Sun. and Mon. 4.30

HOLON Cinemas

MIGDAL SPLASH

Tonight 10
Sat. and Weekdays 7.15.9.30
Also Sunday 4.30

SAVOY WOMAN IN RED

Tonight 10
Sat. and Weekdays 7.15.9.30
Sat. 11 a.m.
THE MAGICIAN
Mat. 4.00
LIVE BOMB

BAT YAM CINEMA

ATZMAUT NINJA III - DOMINATION

Sat. and Weekdays 7.15.9.30
Weekdays 4.30.7.15.9.30

ARMON BEYOND THE WALLS

Tonight 10 p.m.
Sat. 7.30.9.30
Weekdays 7.15.9.30
Mat. 4.30
THE LAND THAT TIME FORGOT

FILMS IN BRIEF

ANOTHER TIME, ANOTHER PLACE - British film directed by Michael Radford. Set in 1941, it shows what happens when Italian prisoners-of-war come to work in an isolated farming community in Scotland. A good film, untypical of British cinema with its sympathy for the cross-currents of Italian and Scottish attitudes.

ATALIA - A Hebrew-language film on a romance between a 40-year-old woman and a 19-year-old man, set against the background of kibbutz life. Starring Michael Bie-Adam.

BEYOND THE WALLS - Israeli director Uri Hanan deals with the complex relationships between Jews and Arabs in a maximum-security prison. A very good film, winner of the Critics' Prize in Venice.

BLAME IT ON RIO - And blame it on the heat and beat of the samba, which causes all sorts of adulterous affairs. A light-hearted film, starring Michael Caine, Joseph Bologna and Michelle Johnson.

BOLERO - Produced by, and starring, Bo Derek. The steamy story of a young woman during the 1920s who goes off to Morocco to find a handsome sheikh, and after that to Spain where she encounters a virile, champion matador, from whom she gains everything she has ever wished for. Golan-Globus production.

CARMEN - Screen version of the opera by director Francesco Rosi. Successful rendition, true to the original by Bizet, with rich characters. Excellent camerawork contributes to an extremely enjoyable film.

FUNNY PEOPLE II - A new collection of candid camera sequences by South African filmmaker Janie Uys.

HARRY AND SON - Produced and directed by Paul Newman, who plays a widowed man out of a job. Adding to his frustration is his son, whose ways are anathema to his father. Very good film portraying the poverty of their relationship.

THE HERD - Award-winning film written by the scriptwriter of "Yol." A tragedy, taking place in Turkey, about the marriage of a shepherd and his wife from a rival family. A rough, gritty film that can't be described as enjoyable.

LIQUID SKY - A Russian-directed, New York, new wave film. All sorts of crazy, outrageous escapades and to this super-crazy science fiction world, and a violent one at that.

LOS SANTOS INOCENTES (THE HOLY INNOCENTS) - Set in Spain in the Sixties, about a family of vasalets in conflict with the land owners. Very well-shot film, but difficult to endure about it.

MARIA'S LOVERS - Russian director Andrei Konchalovsky's first American-made film, which he describes as a portable between love and death. Nastassja Kinski plays the lead as Maria, a virgin wife unable to satisfy her war-veteran husband's needs. Outstanding camera-work.

M.A.S.H. - The new classic film about American G.I.s in the Korean War. Some hilarious scenes. Elliot Gould, Donald Sutherland and an excellent cast give fine performances.

MONTENEGRO - *Gambler* - the imported workers from the South of Europe who do the dirty jobs of the North - are the subject of Yugoslav Director Dusan Makavejev's latest film. Brilliant.

MOSCOW ON THE HUDSON - A very comely directed by Paul Mazursky. Robin Williams plays the role of Vladimir Ivanoff, a gentle Russian saxophonist who decides to defect during a visit to Bloomingdale's department store in New York City.

PARISTEXAS - A sensitive portrayal of a man who drops out of normal life and has to piece his existence together again when he is suddenly returned to society. Excellent film by Wim Wenders.

POLICE ACADEMY - About a liberal lady mayor who opens the doors of the force to anyone who wishes to join. This film has a lot of many things - sex, violence, tactical nuances, slapstick, satire and more, but they all add up to no great film.

RETURN OF MARTIN GUERRE - Set in a remote, French 16th-century village. Constructed as a thriller, the audience is invited to guess who the real Martin Guerre is, and questions of ethics, morality and truth are raised. This film is a rewarding experience.

REUBEN REUBEN - Tom Conti plays a disaffected, alcoholic, lecherous, rumpus Weldon poet who survives by lecturing about his own poetry at ladies' tea parties in American suburbs. Intelligent entertainment.

ROMANCING THE STONE - A romantic, zany adventure of a young New York writer who goes to the jungles of Colombia to save her kidnapped sister. Lots of adventure, action and danger, but at least the film doesn't take itself too seriously.

SPLASH - Walt Disney comedy about an idyllic romance between a young man and a mermaid. Innocent, enjoyable entertainment.

TOP SECRET - About the efforts to return a famous scientist who has been captured by the East Germans. Amusing, light entertainment, certainly nothing more.

VIVEMENT DIMANCHE - A real-estate agent is suspected of murder. Director Francis Truffaut's fast-paced yarn, with creative black and white camerawork, is pure irresistible delight.

WOMAN IN RED - American adaptation of a French bedroom farce. Gene Wilder directs and plays the male lead, applying his own unique brand of hysterical frenzy to the flimsy plot. No great shakes.

ZELIG - Set in the period from the Twenties, Woody Allen portrays Leonard Zelig ("Chameleon Man"), a character most adept at adapting to his environment. The story is told through a series of flashback and interviews with prominent people who knew him. Also starring Mia Farrow. Brilliantly funny, but with dialogue in English, narration in Hebrew.

ZIGZAG STORY - A zany, French situation comedy about 3 friends, a colour-blind artist, a photographer of nude models, and a radio announcer. Very enjoyable.

Some of the films listed are restricted to adult audiences. Please check with the cinema.

(Continued from page A)

WALKING TOURS

(In English)

Jerusalem

Sunday and Tuesday at 9.30 a.m. - Jewish sites, Cardo, Western Wall excavations.
Sunday at 2 p.m. - The Jewish Quarter and Mt. Zion.

Monday at 9.30 a.m. - The Canaanite and Islamic period in Jerusalem.

Monday, Wednesday, Thursday at 11 a.m. - Archeology in the Jewish Quarter: Israelite Tower, Cardo, Burnt House (2 hours).

Monday at 2 p.m. - Sites of special Christian interest (2 hours).

Thursday at 9.30 a.m. - The Mt. of Olives in Jewish, Christian and Muslim belief.

Friday at 9.30 a.m. - The Old City Walls (2 hours).

Tours start from Chelad Courtyard next to Jaffa Gate and last 3-3½ hours (unless otherwise stated). Tickets on the spot.

Archeological Tours
Daily at 11.30 a.m., Friday at 9.30 a.m. - Jewish Quarter Burnt House, Cardo.

Sunday, Tuesday, Thursday at 8.45 a.m., Monday at 2 p.m. - Excavations below Temple Mount.

(In Arabic)

Jerusalem

Sunday and Tuesday at 9.30 a.m. - Jewish sites, Cardo, Western Wall excavations.
Sunday at 2 p.m. - The Jewish Quarter and Mt. Zion.

Monday at 9.30 a.m. - The Canaanite and Islamic period in Jerusalem.

Monday, Wednesday, Thursday at 11 a.m. - Archeology in the Jewish Quarter: Israelite Tower, Cardo, Burnt House (2 hours).

Monday at 2 p.m. - Sites of special Christian interest (2 hours).

Thursday at 9.30 a.m. - The Mt. of Olives in Jewish, Christian and Muslim belief.

Friday at 9.30 a.m. - The Old City Walls (2 hours).

Tours start from Chelad Courtyard next to Jaffa Gate and last 3-3½ hours (unless otherwise stated). Tickets on the spot.

Archeological Tours
Daily at 11.30 a.m., Friday at 9.30 a.m. - Jewish Quarter Burnt House, Cardo.

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(Continued from page C)

San Francisco Film Festival. *Carmen*, said Rosi, has all the characteristics of a modern drama with social conditions, quite attuned to the scope of his films. The heroine is one of the people, and the story is one of double oppression, of soldiers over workers and of man over woman. Carmen is a rebel on both counts, prepared to pay with her life for the right to be free and independent.

Other directors recently have perceived these same qualities in *Carmen*, but Rosi gives the fullest, most rounded and complete film interpretation of the story, not least because his handling of a camera is the most confident, and his cinematic conceptions the soundest. This is said without any disrespect to Carlos Saura and Jean-Luc Godard.

To begin with, Rosi draws a direct parallel between the cigarette girl from Sevilla and the bull about to be slaughtered in an arena. Indeed, as the credits roll, we witness a masterful documentary short on a corrida, culminating in the killing of the bull. Rosi knows the subject inside out,

for he has made a most remarkable full-length film on bullfighting, *The Moment of Truth*. There is no music on this footage, only the roars of the crowd, until the overture bursts out as the dead animal is dragged out of the bull ring.

As the film unfolds, it is clear that this short prologue was nothing but a motto to the whole story, for just like the bull, Carmen is powerful, energetic, deadly, she taunts and is taunted, playing a part in an age-old ritual in which she must either submit to a life of slavery and submissiveness or fight back to the bitter end.

ONCE THIS PREMISE is established it isn't very difficult to go on with the rest of the simple and well-known story of Don Jose forsaking his military duties for love of the cigarette girl, who abandons him for the glamorous torador, Escamillo, and is eventually killed by him as her now lover slaughters yet another bull.

Rosi's treatment is terrific. First, the lovely Andalusian locations pro-

vide the authentic atmosphere. The tempo and the choice of camera angles are amazing in the first sequence, when you still tend to be very wary. Rosi seems to have the knack of cutting just at the right moment and combining just the right shots, so that artists, poets, even recitatives, are never the most appealing part of an opera outside an opera house, emerge quite naturally.

With the help of Antonio Gades (the choreographer who worked with Saura on his *Carmen*), he moves his crowds with disarming ease and charm. And he has one asset that outshines everything else in the person of Julia Migenes-Johnson as Carmen. She may not be the greatest mezzo alive, although she is certainly a good singer; but she is an outstanding performer, not beautiful in the classical sense of the word, but sexy, luscious, and seeming to embody a force of nature, at once unbridled, enticing and fearsome. Her presence on the screen lights it up.

Indeed, the first half hour of the film is breathtaking. The swarm of

girls rushing down the steps into the village square, filling it with their bustling, frenetic movement; the children aping the changing of the guard around an ancient fortress; Carmen's entrance and her dance with an old innkeeper - all these scenes are quite unforgettable.

If the film later has some weak points, such as the character of Micaela, the girl from back home who comes to remind Don Jose of his filial duties, the blame lies mainly with Melihac and Halevy, Bizet's librettists, who painted a very pale character, rather than with Faith Esham, who sings the part exquisitely. If the third act limps dramatically, this is again to be traced to the opera; but the fourth, opening with the stunning image of the bull-ring and moving forward at a dynamic rhythm, is as brilliant as could be wished, and more.

IF THERE ARE imperfections in the film, I suspect that they should be attributed not to Rosi directly, but rather to factors beyond his control. Such as conductor Lorin

Maazel, who seems to believe that music for films should be loud, aggressive and devoid of any subtlety. He is adequate, energetic, and that's about it, as far as I am concerned.

Another problem is the acting of Plácido Domingo. It is quite possible that he may be the best Don Jose alive, vocally, but he is too stodge and clumsy, particularly compared with the liveliness of his partner, Ruggero Raimondi, as Escamillo, far more better, he seems to have grown thinner since Joseph Losey's *Don Giovanni*, and vocally he is perfect for the part.

But all these shortcomings are, after all, trifles compared to Rosi's achievement here, helped as always by his faithful cameraman, Pasquale de Santis. Still, let me reiterate my warning: to enjoy this, you have to accept several conventions, which, if rejected, will spoil the whole movie for you. Otherwise, don't worry. Lean back in your seat and enjoy yourself. You'll never have this sort of experience in an opera house.

SOME OF MY colleagues consider the present Cameri production of *Measure for Measure* boring. I cannot agree. True, it is an indifferent production, from most points of view; but Shakespeare's convoluted plot, paradoxical characters, humour and clowning make it always an intriguing experience. And above all, T. Carmi's brilliant Hebrew translation makes the language - and with it the subject matter - more relevant for a contemporary Israeli audience than the original is for a contemporary English one.

THE TRANSLATION is the real hero of this performance. It is simple and down-to-earth yet poetic and thought-provoking. Every translation perforce replaces ambiguities and multi-layered metaphors with straightforward meanings; it imposes one interpretation of several. Take one instance: the duke, disguised as a friar, replies to the question: "What news is the world?" as follows: "None, but there is so great a fever on goodness, that the dissolution of it must cure it: novelty is only in request..." The last phrase is translated by Carmi to mean: the only thing desired is novelty. But several interpreters understood it to mean: innovation is only desired but not introduced. Further on, the duke says: "...there is scarce truth enough alive to make societies secure, but security enough to make fellowships accused." In Hebrew this becomes: "Truth is almost dead, and no value is put on human life, but they all rush to buy value-papers", meaning securities (bonds and shares). This plays on the terms *value*, in Hebrew, and *security*, in English. Its relevance in Israel earns it a big laugh. Purists may dislike it, but the mes-

Loud and clear

THEATRE
Uri Rapp

sage comes through loud and clear.

Measure for Measure has been categorized as a problem play, or a dark comedy. It is the most Christian of Shakespeare's plays yet the Duke's speech to Claudio, who is about to be executed, sounds almost nihilistic: death is better than life, there's no hint of redemption or resurrection.

There is no solution but there is a process of learning and ripening in several of the characters, a mitigation of harshness. Sex out of marriage is unmistakably equated with violence, but there is a strange compassion for human drives.

The gentleness in this play are cold and griggish, even the complicated duke. Isabella, the novice in a nunnery, is surely a prig. She softens at the end. Angelo, the hypocritical law-enforcer, may be interpreted as a comment on puritanism. Shakespeare unmasks the prurience under the prudishness. The common people are usually knaves and fools, but are warmer and more understanding than the gentlemen. Corruption is everywhere, and permissiveness envelops the city with a smell of decay. Law and order are the only guarantee of a civilized life, but they themselves bear the seed of corruption.

PETER DEW'S direction does not do justice to the play or to the translation. It does not follow a distinct line of its own: it is neither "conventional" Shakespeare nor does it conform to the updating suggested by the Hebrew text. Sensuality and authority are not convincingly portrayed. The really successful actors are Avner Hiskiyahu as the Duke, and Albert Cohen as Lucio (a lowdown, gossiping type but a good fellow). Whenever these two are in a scene together the sparks fly, and the audience loves it.

The costumes (Ruth Dar) are drab and nineteenth-century. The set, also by Ruth Dar, is stark and elegant, but what does it do to support the action? It provides little except a white staircase, broad at the base, and narrow at the top, where a throne is placed. The movement of the common people is horizontal, and, for the gentry, vertical. All the scenes - palace, stately home, monastery, nunnery, prison, fields, city gates - melt into the same space, and all contrasts are blurred.

The one-dimensional but entertaining low characters are done well. They include Reuben Sheffer as the Constable, Orly Silberschatz as Mistress Overdone the bawdy, and Shlomo Vishinsky as Pompey her servant. Rivka Neumann as Isabella is good in the second part, when she exhibits desperation, indignation, forgiveness, but inadequate as the self-righteous virgin. Sandra Sadeh, in the small part of Mariana, and Ilan Dar as the Provost, are adequate. Of Michael Warshawski's acting, in the role of Angelo, the pivot of the play, the less said the better.

Despite the many faults of this production, it does provide a chance to see the staging of a great play.

Odd couple

Zvi Jagendorff

chooses to maintain - with his executioner.

The German, a scrawny, balding, mouse of a man is condemned to live his life in Cohen's presence. But Cohen is not the avenging ghost of the old tragedies. He is a friendly dybbuk, concerned for Ullman. He defends him against attack and is interested in his survival, which is ironically the one guarantee of his own ghostly existence.

The Nazi, to his amazement, finds himself using Yiddish, under the influence of his dybbuk, praying in Hebrew, even shuffling his toes in a Yiddish entertainer's soft shoe routine. Moshe is both his pal and his nightmare, his comforter and his pursuer (hence "Genghis").

WITH THIS oddly joined pair at his heart, the play attempts to grapple with the consequences of mass murder for the killers and the killed.

It makes the assumption, deeply flattering to the Germans, that the average Nazi killer carries the memory of his crimes close to his heart like the albatross around the Ancient Mariner's neck. It makes another assumption, flattering to the Jews, that their peculiar, resilient victims' humour has got into the Germans' blood like a virus.

Understandably avoiding any attempt to confront the impersonal horror of murder as an industry, the action concentrates on one traumatic event which has joined victim and executioner forever. At the moment of his death in a crowd, Cohen the joker turned his back on the guns, let

his trousers down and exposed his bum to the Germans with a familiar and gross Yiddish insult. This is how he caught his executioner and achieved a kind of immortality.

As an epitome of the suffering of millions, this is sentimental, even though as a stage image it is arresting and comic. Repeated four or five times in the play, this moment would persuade us that the killer and his victim finally have equal power over each other and that there is a kind of give and take between the insult and the bullet, the bum and the gun.

From this assumption it is only a short step to the *coup de théâtre*, the reversal of roles at the end when it is the Nazi who bares his backside, forcing the Jew into the position of executioner and thus getting himself off the hook of guilt. This was a pat if modish reversal which needed some explaining and suggested that something essential in the novel had been overlooked.

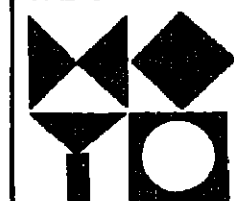
It was a relief to find that the production treated its burdensome material with tact and lightness of touch. The two protagonists are played with mutual rapport and warmth by Itzik Saidoff (Cohen) and Rami Baruch (the German).

Baruch especially manages to get away from all the clichés of stage Germans. He looks more like an unsuccessful dollar dealer on Lilienblum than an Aryan beast. One finds it easier to pity him than hate him.

Saidoff is both vulnerable and determined as the persistent ghost who knows he is only as good as the guilt he inspires. It is important that he do not play him, and his playing is cool enough to avoid that trap.

The rest of the actors are more wooden than the furniture, but that is irrelevant. This dance is a *pas de deux*, and as such it holds our attention.

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EVENTS

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Saturday, November 24 at 20.30
THE RETURN OF MARTIN GUERRE (France, 1983)
Tues., Nov. 27 at 18.00 and 20.30; and Saturday, Dec. 1 at 20.30
WE OF THE NEVER NEVER (Australia, 1983)
CHILDREN'S FILMS
Sun., Nov. 25; Mon., Nov. 26; Wed., Nov. 28; Thurs., Nov. 29 at 15.30
SWAN LAKE (Japan) Animated film
SENIOR CITIZEN'S FILM
Wednesday, November 28 at 11.00
PROFILE OF AN ARTIST - MORIZU GOTTLIEB. Produced by Israel Film Service. Followed by a guided tour in one of the temporary exhibitions.
THEATRE IN THE GALLERIES FOR SENIOR CITIZENS
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Wednesday, November 28 at 20.30
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FOLKLORE EVENING
Thursday, November 29 at 20.30
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Graphic Arts Study Room: Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11.00-13.00; Tues. 16.00-20.00
Department of Travelling Exhibitions: Sun., Thurs. 8.30-13.00; Tues. 13.00-17.00
Rockefeller Museum: Sun., Mon., Tues., Wed., Thurs. 10.00-17.00; Fri. & Sat. 10.00-14.00
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Jeannette Ordman in the second edition of Bat-Dor's "Piuf Vaudeville." (Below) Edith Piaf

WITH television film-makers abroad showing an interest in *Piuf Vaudeville*, created by American choreographer Rodney Griffin for the Bat-Dor Dance Company, a second edition of this work has been made — or rather, more songs and episodes in the life of the late French songstress Edith Piaf have been added.

The first version was such a success here that it attracted overseas notice too. Jeannette Ordman as Piaf was stunning. The seven men who appeared with her were wonderful. The songs, as recorded by Piaf herself, were hypnotizing. Everyone wanted more.

So Griffin came specially to Israel to augment the work in the same style as before but with new material. He added three songs and four men to the new episodes. (Bat-Dor has 14 men and two apprentices in the company.)

One song (and the episode with it) is associated with Yves Montand, whom Piaf "discovered." Another addition is a song associated with Les Compagnons de la Chanson, a singing team she brought to the stage (they sang with her until they made their own way). In this episode, to the music of "*Trois Cloches*," one dancer of the group does a solo depicting the three times that the bells toll for a man: at his baptism, his marriage and his death.

The third song reflects Piaf's life in her prostitute days, going from man to man, crooked and straight, young and old — but, as before, the final song is inevitably "*Non, je ne regrette rien*," which brings the house down (figuratively; there is a recorded audience behind footlights) wherever *Piuf Vaudeville* is performed.

Of course the voice in all the songs is that of the extraordinary Piaf, but Ordman makes the life visible in a startling and, for her, new way. And the 11 men are as fine as can be.

AT A REHEARSAL last Friday morning before the premiere of the new version during the week at the Bat-Dor Theatre in Tel Aviv, I saw the new length without the trimmings — costumes, lighting — and was impressed beyond objectivity. There is no way of assessing this work other than emotionally, because the songs and the dancing are so beguiling and fascinating.



No regrets

DANCE
Dora Sowden

The whole cast seems caught up in the choreography and the songs: Ordman all the time (she never leaves the stage), Igal Berdichevsky (as Leprie, who trained Piaf), Sam McManus and Jonathan Arni (as two sailors she remembers from her rougher days), Philip Clyde (as Yves Montand), Rudy Shaafma (soloist), Alon Avidan, Cas Kemna, Rafi Saadi, Dominic Marshall (as Les Compagnons), Moshe Goldberg (as the boy, 30 years her junior, who helped in her rehabilitation and whom she married), and — as striking as always — Reda Sheta (as Marcel Cerdan, the love of Piaf's life).

In my earlier review of *Piuf Vaudeville* I said that the Bat-Dor Company — and Jeannette Ordman — should always retain this work in the repertoire. My view is now strengthened. It is indeed a *pièce de résistance* for Griffin, for Ordman and for Bat-Dor.

ANNE WILSON is well known in Israel. She has come here many times from New York — as a dancer-lecturer, as a teacher, as a dance therapist, and as the founder of an International Choir at the Dance Library of Israel in Tel Aviv. Now she and her husband Dr. Martin

Wangh, a noted New York psychoanalyst who was instrumental in establishing the Freud Chair of Psychoanalysis at the Hebrew University, have come to Israel as *olim* and settled in Jerusalem.

The International Committee for the Dance Library of Israel has issued a brochure which shows a model of the library building in Tel Aviv (actually the Central Library for Music and Dance at 26 Bialik Street). It lists the number of books (nearly 3,000), slides (4,000), films and videotapes (500 hours), and mentions the archives of photographs, posters, programmes and clippings now housed in the library.

One of the most recent donations received by Anne Wilson for the library before she left New York was the almost complete collection of Ann Barzell, a prominent American dance critic.

While I was in New York recently, I attended a meeting of the New York committee for the Dance Library of Israel, headed by Estelle Sommers (the U.S. chairman and an indefatigable worker for the support and advancement of the library).

At the meeting two forthcoming galas in aid of the library were discussed: one in February when Valery and Galina Panov will arrive with the Royal Ballet of Flanders (of which Panov is now the artistic director) for a New York season; and one in March when the Joffrey Ballet will open its season. Robert Joffrey is one of the celebrated "friends" of the Dance Library. A list of them makes dazzling reading — among them Alexandra Danilova, Dame Alicia Markova and Lincoln Kirstein. There are about 150 of them — choreographers, dancers, directors, writers on dance and people (like Lilian Hochhauser) who are involved in the promotion of dance.

ISRAELI Spanish dancer Dalia Low has just returned from Spain and will appear in a company of eight (dancers, singers, guitarists), mostly from Spain, and mostly gypsies from Seville. Also in the company will be the famous Ciro — dancer, choreographer-director — from Madrid.

The first performance will take place at the Tabal Theatre in the Neve Zedek area of Tel Aviv on December 12. The show will then tour.

WHEN ONE thinks of fast food, one thinks of hot dogs, hamburgers, (le)fel or pizza, eaten hastily on street corners or near bus stations. One hardly thinks of the muted opulence of Tel Aviv's Beit Asia.

So I was more than a little surprised to get a telephone call from a public relations firm suggesting that I try some fast food at the futuristic structure that symbolize the Eisenberg financial empire in Israel. Naturally, it was not just any fast food, nor was it sold at just any price.

The new attraction is a kosher Chinese buffet lunch for businessmen, who, the public relations man assured me, are far too busy to sit down at a conventional Chinese restaurant for an hour or two. I have always thought that businessmen are precisely the people who are able and willing to enjoy a long lunch, while their secretaries deal with the urgent matters and the costs are covered by expense accounts.

At any rate, I decided to try the buffet, which is located in one wing of the balcony of the building's mezzanine floor. For those who have never seen the building, I shall just remark that it is decorated in impeccable taste and with remarkable restraint. It is conspicuous consumption at its best.

Asian interlude

MATTERS OF TASTE / Haim Shapiro

The buffet was supervised by a young man who, I am happy to say, had features which proclaimed that his origins lay considerably east of Suez. The service, naturally enough, was minimal, but when needed it was polite and prompt. Chopsticks, though not on the table, were brought on request.

I BEGAN my meal with an egg roll, served with a bright red, mostly sweet, sweet and sour sauce. This was the least successful item in the buffet and it was very unsuccessful indeed. The crust was rather hard

and chewy and the vegetables inside had none of the fresh crispness one associates with Chinese food. In fact, they were quite limp and stringy. The sauce, too, was uninspired and I, for one, would have appreciated a dab or two of sharp mustard or hot pepper to offset the rather cloying effect.

The corn soup that followed it was far more satisfactory. As I remarked to my companion, this soup, which is a staple of the Chinese kitchen, is indeed one of the wonders of that country's culinary art. Although the Chinese kitchen is, on the whole, extremely conservative, with recipes remaining unchanged for hundreds of years, this particular dish owes its existence to a product of the New World.

One must also note this is not true of all the products of the Americas. Potatoes, for example, though they are staple in Europe, have had no such success. Perhaps even more remarkable is the fact that, throughout the Chinese diaspora, the standard method of preparing this soup is to use American creamed style corn, unfortunately unavailable in Israel.

The corn kernels in this soup were whole, and though I would have preferred the thick, porridge-like consistency of the more traditional variety, this soup was well seasoned and a good idea on a winter's day.

OF THE MAIN courses, the most interesting was a dish of beef with green peppers and black beans. The beef was surprisingly tender and juicy, but, like all the food served at the buffet, it was quite bland, making me yearn for some hot Chinese pickles, to spice things up a bit.

Despite my aversion to sweet dishes, I also tried the duck with pineapple, in which there was much more pineapple than duck. For all

the sweetness, it was rather good. Finally, for those who cannot eat any spice at all, there was a totally colorless dish of chicken with vegetables, the sort of dish that the average Caucasian amateur cooks up when he/she imagines he/she is making Chinese food.

Two fried dishes, one of fish, the other of cauliflower, seemed to me to be there mainly to fill out the menu, rather than as a serious contribution. Both suffered from their wait at the steam table. The noodles and the fried rice, on the other hand, were quite satisfactory.

When we had finished our meal, the waiter brought tea and little marzipan sweets. All in all, it was far from bad, but I had expected something more from an establishment that calls itself Beit Asia. Let's hope that the sushi bar, which the management intends to install, will be a cut above this.

The price per person, frozen until January, comes to ISL230, including VAT. This will no doubt be quite a bargain by December.

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This Week in Israel: The Leading Tourist Guide This Week

Beth Hatefutsoth

Visiting hours: Sun., Mon., Tues., Thurs. 10 am-5 pm; Wed. 10 am-9 pm; Friday and Saturday - closed.
Children under 6 are not admitted.
Organized tours must be prearranged (Sun.-Thurs. 9 am-1 pm, (03) 4251611).
Photo Archives: Sun., Thurs. 9:30 am-12:30 pm; Tues. 9:30 am-2:30 pm.
Permanent Exhibit and Chronosphere - The main aspects of Jewish life in the Diaspora, presented through the most advanced graphic and audio-visual techniques.

EXHIBITIONS
1. "World of Yesterday - Jews in England, 1870-1920" From November 27.
2. "To Save A World" - American Jewish Joint Distribution Committee (AJDC) 1914-1964. Until November 29.
3. "The Enigma of the Calvario Menorah"

Courtesy of **bank leumi** בנק לאומי

EVENTS
1. A meeting with Prof. A. Eisenbach in well-known Jewish historian from Poland. Guest lecture on The Emancipation of Jews of Poland. Lecturer: Prof. A. Eisenbach. Moderator: Prof. Chane Shmeruk. The evening will be conducted in Yiddish.
Sunday, November 26 at 8 pm.

2. Opening Ceremony for members of the Friends of Beth Hatefutsoth of the exhibition "World of Yesterday - Jews in England 1870-1920". Participants: Hanneh Barov, Bill Williams, Eric Lucas. Moderator: Aharon Doren. Guest: Meir de Shalit. The evening will be conducted in English and Hebrew with simultaneous interpretation.
Monday, November 26 at 8:30 pm.
There will be a guided tour of the exhibition from 7 pm.

Beth Hatefutsoth is located on the campus of Tel Aviv University (Gate 2).
Klausner St., Ramat Aviv, Tel. (03) 4251611. Buses: 13, 24, 26, 27, 45, 49, 79, 74, 274, 572.

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THE CHOICE between bidding a minor-suit slam, a no-trump game or a minor-suit game can often be crucial, particularly in tournament play. One of the vagaries of Top-Bottom scoring, employed in most duplicate pairs events, is that competitors may sometimes be rewarded for bringing in an inferior contract. In today's deal, from the European Simultaneous Pairs competition played on Sunday all over the Continent and in Israel, players who missed slam and arrived at the third-best contract, three no-trump, profited from their error, scoring higher than those who got to the unassailable minor-suit game.

North
♠ K J 10 8 5
♥ 9
♦ A 10 5
♣ A 10 8 6

West
♠ A Q 7 3
♥ Q 6
♦ J 8 7 3
♣ 7 2

East
♠ 6 2
♥ K J 10 7 5 3
♦ 4
♣ J 9 5

South
♠ 4
♥ A 8 4 2
♦ K Q 9 2
♣ K Q 4 3

The bidding:
North 1♣, 2♦, 3♥, 4♠, 5♠, 6♠, 7♠, 8♠, 9♠, 10♠, 11♠, 12♠, 13♠, 14♠, 15♠, 16♠, 17♠, 18♠, 19♠, 20♠, 21♠, 22♠, 23♠, 24♠, 25♠, 26♠, 27♠, 28♠, 29♠, 30♠, 31♠, 32♠, 33♠, 34♠, 35♠, 36♠, 37♠, 38♠, 39♠, 40♠, 41♠, 42♠, 43♠, 44♠, 45♠, 46♠, 47♠, 48♠, 49♠, 50♠, 51♠, 52♠, 53♠, 54♠, 55♠, 56♠, 57♠, 58♠, 59♠, 60♠, 61♠, 62♠, 63♠, 64♠, 65♠, 66♠, 67♠, 68♠, 69♠, 70♠, 71♠, 72♠, 73♠, 74♠, 75♠, 76♠, 77♠, 78♠, 79♠, 80♠, 81♠, 82♠, 83♠, 84♠, 85♠, 86♠, 87♠, 88♠, 89♠, 90♠, 91♠, 92♠, 93♠, 94♠, 95♠, 96♠, 97♠, 98♠, 99♠, 100♠, 101♠, 102♠, 103♠, 104♠, 105♠, 106♠, 107♠, 108♠, 109♠, 110♠, 111♠, 112♠, 113♠, 114♠, 115♠, 116♠, 117♠, 118♠, 119♠, 120♠, 121♠, 122♠, 123♠, 124♠, 125♠, 126♠, 127♠, 128♠, 129♠, 130♠, 131♠, 132♠, 133♠, 134♠, 135♠, 136♠, 137♠, 138♠, 139♠, 140♠, 141♠, 142♠, 143♠, 144♠, 145♠, 146♠, 147♠, 148♠, 149♠, 150♠, 151♠, 152♠, 153♠, 154♠, 155♠, 156♠, 157♠, 158♠, 159♠, 160♠, 161♠, 162♠, 163♠, 164♠, 165♠, 166♠, 167♠, 168♠, 169♠, 170♠, 171♠, 172♠, 173♠, 174♠, 175♠, 176♠, 177♠, 178♠, 179♠, 180♠, 181♠, 182♠, 183♠, 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READERS of *The New York Times* "Weekly Review," which usually appears in *The Jerusalem Post* on Mondays, will surely have learned with relief that Mozart was definitely not murdered by Salieri. The allegation has proved hard to dispel, despite many learned papers by medical experts diagnosing - from the memoirs of contemporaries - the illnesses that caused the premature death of the composer.

The availability of today's medical skills would undoubtedly have prevented the early death of many of the great composers, like Franz Schubert, Hugo Wolf and Frederik Delius, who contracted VD at an early age. Some, like Robert Schumann, Manuel de Falla and Maurice Ravel died because mental stress proved too strong. Others fought physical handicaps with heroic tenacity.

Beethoven lost his hearing quite early in life, but this did not prevent him from writing his greatest music in his late period (a composer is supposed to hear his music with his inner ear anyway). Delius's blindness was somewhat offset by the tremendous efforts of Eric Fenby, who took down note by note the composer's directives. Our own Ram Da-Oz, who was blinded during the 1948 War of Independence, has found in his wife a faithful and devoted amanuensis.

Among the professional hazards facing composers, we might mention the rotten luck of Jean-Baptiste Lully, who "in the heat of the moment hit his toe with the sharp point of the cane with which he was beating time... An abscess developed and gangrene spread rapidly because he refused to let his physician remove the toe. Although in the greatest

The malady lingers on

MUSIC & MUSICIANS / Yohanan Boehm

physical distress, he put his financial affairs in order and made his peace with the church before dying on the morning of 22 March 1687." (Grove).

We still vividly remember the heroic fight Otto Klemperer put up against physical disability, when several accidents severely limited his movements. But he continued to conduct until shortly before his death in 1973 at the age of 88.

Israelis may also remember the French-Jewish composer Darius Milhaud, who visited this country in 1952. His progressive arthritis forced him to use a wheelchair most of the time; he was 82 when he died.

And we all know about Itzhak Perlman's victory over an early attack of polio, which left him seriously handicapped. Despite his reliance on crutches, he has become one of the world's greatest violinists, raised a lovely family and lived a normal life.

The tragedy of Jacqueline Du Pre, whose career as a cellist of world renown was halted by multiple sclerosis, is somewhat mitigated by the devotion of many friends and admirers and by her activities in music education.

Opus 21 (1940) specially for Wittgenstein.

Johannes Brahms arranged for himself several compositions for the left hand alone - but he did this in order to strengthen the weaker hand; Bach's Chaconne in D minor is another composition for the left hand.

In our generation, American pianist Leo Fleisher is reportedly suffering from a serious condition in his right hand, which has forced him to change to left-hand pianistics. Fortunately, he is also an excellent pedagogue, so he has an artistic outlet for passing on to a new generation of pianists his experience and knowledge.

IT WOULD BE fascinating to find out why so many famous composers never married. Knowing something about the life of Josef Haydn might have something to do with it - his wife is always portrayed as similar to the wife of Socrates, who made his life hell. But what about the pre-Haydn generations? Sociologists or psychologists might find an interesting subject here.

Some conductors have lately come under the influence of alcohol, which affects their professional standards and, in some cases, may prematurely end a fine career. Should that vice be put down to professional hazards - to alleviate the great stress that comes with the work?

To end on a lighter note: there are musicians who find themselves under a different sort of handicap - their names somehow do not match their professional reputations. Taub (deaf in German) is the name of the concertmaster of the IPO. A well-known German singer is called Peter Schreier (shrieker). The conductor



Leo Blech always introduced himself thus: "My name is Blech, but all jokes about my name have already been made." Blech in German not only specifies the brass instruments in the orchestra, but is also used derogatively for "talking nonsense." Alexander Schneider brings to mind a tailor and Israeli composer Giora Schuster, a shoemaker.

Which ever you look at it, it's a difficult profession.

THE FIRST guitar festival in Israel will be held in Tel Aviv's Beit Leissin on November 29 and December 3 and 5. The best guitarists have promised to participate, and their offerings will include the classics, flamenco, jazz and folk music. Listed are Israel Rashkovsky, the Duo Varda Hazan and Irith Even-Tov, Costin Canellis, Yehuda Schreier, Ori Lavan, Menashe Bakish, and Lior Yekutieli. Giora Naor is the artistic director of the festival.

Something new



Fame: peace, tolerance, the brotherhood of man.

SUDDENLY we have an abundance of new series, come out of the sky like pelicans descending on the Hula, to remind us that the seasons are changing. Devoted Anglophiles among us cannot complain that English wares are being neglected; no fewer than three of the new offerings come from the sceptred isle.

Nevertheless, I hasten to complain that quantity is no substitute for quality: our enemies have worked a conjuring trick on us with all this locus-pocus with new English films. They have used it to cover up the removal of *Rumpole* from the programme. Why, why? And why not *Yes, Minister*?

As a replacement for *Rumpole* on Tuesday nights, *Something in Disguise* is like getting your teeth into a Cornish pasty when you are expecting a French soufflé. Elizabeth Jane Howard's novel has been made into old-fashioned fare so heavy that at times I found it hard to believe that we were not mixed up with the Brontës. But the internal evidence, such as television and a girl wearing jeans, indicated that we were in England in the second half of the 20th century.

I suppose that down there in Cornwall they still are facing such fearful problems as whether it is difficult for a girl to stop being a virgin. The answer given to the lass who poses this question, by her cynical worldly-wise brother, is that it is harder to think about losing one's virginity than to do so, a very profound thought indeed.

THE MONSTER in the serial is a retired colonel getting away with being a tyrant in a vast house with nine unused bedrooms, which he has persuaded his gentle, genteel second wife to buy. Now he wants her to look after it without any hired help because there isn't enough money for a live-in couple. I hope that by journey's end she will put strychnine in his Scotch.

Meanwhile, his timid daughter Alice, who loves her cat more than anybody in the world, and quite right too, because it is a lovely cat, marries a 42-year-old builder who is nearly the size of daddy's house. Alice would much rather sleep with the cat than with him, but beggars can't be choosers, so she prepares resolutely for the wedding night, presumably to find the answer to her step-sister's riddle about virginity.

It is not to be. After explaining to her that he is no stranger to sexual experiences, the gross huffoon drinks himself into a stupor, and snores away on the sofa throughout the night. Poor lonely Alice throws herself on to a bed large enough to accommodate her, the buffoon and the cat.

Meanwhile, far away in an apartment in Chelsea, her step-brother and step-sister are discussing virginity. I may have a very nasty and suspicious mind, but I suspect that there is a whiff of approaching incest in the air. Remember, this is Chelsea, where anything goes.

It may be early to pass judgment, but I fear that we are in for one of those doom-laden tragedies of the English rural areas, lampooned so brilliantly by Stella Gibbons in *Cold Comfort Farm*.

AFTER THIS heavy entree, *Blood Money* provided a light sweet to close the evening. It is very good. I have an impression that we have seen the chief superintendent and Captain Percival of the SIS quarrelling in another film, in which they had to protect a reformed terrorist from Paris from the assassination he richly deserved.

Whether my recollection is correct

or not, it is clear that the policeman and the spy-catcher are going to do battle with each other, rather than with the kidnapers, for most of the coming five episodes.

About 60 per cent of British suspense films are devoted to the forces of the law sneering at each other, bullying each other, knifing each other, and plotting each other's downfall. As a result, they have only a minuscule amount of time to spend on the criminals. Thus the British police forces of fiction are exactly like the Israeli police forces in real life.

In the case of *Callan* the amount of time devoted to sneering is raised to 90 per cent. Even Lonely, the little ex-con taxi-driver, not the brightest of men, notices this, and complains about it to Callan this week. Callan is so amazed by Lonely's perception that he gets a head cold. I am afraid that the script-writer of *Callan* has run out of ideas, or maybe he himself had flu: this week's episode had neither spies nor plot, the heroes stumbled into a gang war, shot it out, and that was all we got in 50 minutes, apart from sneering.

But I have wandered away from *Blood Money*, which has got off to a great start. The villains stage a perfect kidnapping of a very attractive 10-year-old aristocrat from the preparatory school where he is serving his sentence. So far the CID and the SIS have made only spasmodic attempts to trace the victim, but I suppose that they will get round to doing so, when they have settled the problem of jurisdiction.

This serial promises to be adequately blood-chilling and exciting.

THE LAST of the new British films is a comedy, *Tom, Dick and Harriet*, which got off to a great opening scene, in which the venal old man chortles happily behind his handkerchief at the funeral of the puritanical wife he detested. He then leaves the country to join his son and daughter-in-law in London. Using their apartment as a base, he tries to cram 40 years of wild life into a few weeks in Soho. The scenes depicting his revelry, and the chaos causing in the lives of his son and daughter-in-law, were very laudable, so I will reserve judgment on this one.

Meanwhile, *The Fourth Arm*, another British serial, is at last starting to move. It is very well done, but it has been somewhat tedious. Any-one who has ever served in any army remembers with revulsion the period spent in basic training. It makes sense to give particularly hard and long training to agents who are going to be infiltrated into Nazi-occupied France, but the preparation was done with so much realism that the first few episodes were rather wearisome. Despite this reservation, the film is very good.

Married is an American version of *Something in Disguise*. Out there in the sticks the young couple got married because they could no longer tolerate their parents. Now Billy is blowing the wedding money on a truck, and she has found herself pregnant without wanting to be so. An unexpected pregnancy is

another problem that I thought went out of fashion about the time mini-skirts disappeared.

FOR SOME weeks I have been planning to pan *Fame*, but fortunately forgot to do so. The plots have gone off so much that the show is almost unrecognizable. Every week we have somebody getting cancer or having a heart attack or losing his wife or taking to drink or some other such tragedy. This given the most slushy treatment possible.

Then why did I use the adverb "fortunately" when writing that I had forgotten to pan *Fame*? Because this week they disarmed me completely by devoting an entire programme to their visit to Israel. It was a magnificent episode, reminiscent of the early *Fame* programmes when we were filled with wonder by the exuberance, élan and superb technical skill of the performers. I remember that I wrote at the time that they embodied the vitality, colour, good nature, kindness and expertise of America.

Debbie Allen and Valerie, alias Doris, sang two songs that we will long remember. Then Ms. Allen made some terrific speeches about Israel, in which she said that we share all the beliefs that the producers of *Fame* have - in peace, in the brotherhood of man, in tolerance for all people, irrespective of colour or creed, in striving always to make the world a better place.

In an era that has seen Rabbi Meir Kahane elected to office, it was lovely to hear that Ms. Allen had found such correct attitudes in Israel. *Fame* is once more tops in my book.

THE QUESTION of preserving Israeli moral attitudes was raised by Attorney-General Yitzhak Zamir when he recommended that the Knesset should take action to restrict Rabbi Kahane's freedom of movement. It also arose in the inquiry into the conduct of Avner Gilad, the captain of the m.s. Morin, who put a stowaway overboard on a raft off the Mozambique coast.

It is very good to have the values enshrined in our Declaration of Independence reaffirmed in an age when so many schoolchildren have questioned whether Israel should be a democracy.

Strangely enough, Gilad made a very good impression on the Friday night magazine: he has an excellent TV personality, even though he said some strange things. For instance, his claim that the South African government would have imprisoned him if he had arrived in Durban with a black stowaway is palpably absurd: apartheid would not oblige the South Africans to punish the captain and crew of a ship merely because they came to port with a stowaway of the wrong colour. At worst, they would have told him to go away again.

Gilad's good showing on TV was a curious indication of the power of television. It was a shot of the forlorn stowaway on his raft that harrowed our souls in the first place.

Talking of TV personalities, Ezer Weizman has developed a remarkable one. He has mellowed, has abandoned playing the role of a dashing RAF officer, has donned a robe of wisdom. Hearing him on his belief in peace with the Arabs was really inspiring.

On the other hand, Ronnie Milo, who crept into the woodwork after the elections, emerged one night wearing his Mafia dark glasses to lay down his conditions for talking with the Egyptians. Cheek. Simcha Dinitz at once gave Milo his comeuppance, but I trust that the premier will take appropriate action to dispose of Milo.

The nature of things



WHEN SOLOMON advised the sluggards of the world to emulate the ant, I have a feeling he was speaking of the harvester ant. There are many ants in Israel, as almost any ground-floor dweller can attest; but one ant that never bothers the householder is the big, reddish-brown harvester, whose sole occupation is bringing in the grain.

Nests of harvester ants are most often found in unpaved roadways, where they have a clean area in which to work. Their nest is not so much like a hill, as with smaller ants; access is usually through cracks in the earth. They aren't seen much in the early spring, but just about Lag B'Omer they start to scout the area around the nest, looking for grain which they dry and store in their underground store-rooms. This grain, often carried hundreds of metres across terrain that to them must appear positively alpine, is their main food source for the winter. They masticate it with their strong mandibles, (and for their size it is amazing to see how those jaws work), mix it with their own secretions, which are enzyme-rich, and both eat this pulp and feed their offspring with it. Until the rains come there is a constant stream of activity to and from the nest, as workers, three and four abreast, carry grains that are often twice their own length. In some cases there will be two ants lugging the same grain of barley, wheat or rye. At the same time, other workers are busy with the preparation of the underground store-rooms. They come up the steep incline that leads out of the nest looking like miniature bulldozers as they push and shove bits of earth they have cleared out to make room for the grain.

ONCE THE RAINS come, one would expect the ants to take life easy. But nature doesn't give them a lot of rest and just last Sunday morning, on a dirt track in the Galilee, I saw them busy with a winter occupation.

Apparently the rain had somehow leaked into one of their stores, and the ants were busy in the bright morning sunlight, carrying all the grain outside to dry. Bit by bit they carried it up and stacked it in a neat circle around the nest. Other ants were busily working with what had already been brought to the surface, turning it in the sun as steam rose from the piles. Still others were either mending a new storage chamber or repairing the one that leaked, and there was a lot of earth-moving at the entrance. By the end of a fine day, the ants usually take the grain back in; but if it isn't completely dry, then, if the weather holds fair, they bring it out again the next morning. Sometimes they will do this for several days before everything is in order. Then the industrious population of the nest can retire within while the wind blows and the rain beats down. They have prepared for their winter.

D'vora Ben Shaul

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Round the galleries

Meir Ronnen

MITCH PILCER (b. New York, 1957) graduated from the N.Y. Arts Students League and came here in 1978; he periodically returns to his native city to earn money driving a cab. Coming from the home of hype, he enlisted the services of a public relations agent to launch his newest show and, more unusually, a large colour photograph of himself is a centre-piece at his exhibition. Pilcer does Jerusalem landscapes and genre portraits in a semi-decorative, semi-naïve style; and huge nudes and angels that seem at times to cross Rousseau and Bonheur with some of their more kindly followers. Details of landscapes are reduced to fairly rudimentary geometrical forms and shapes, while awkward and sometimes poor drawing mars the uneven, note for instance the anatomical disparity between the belly button and *mons pubis* of the large lady in No. 11. Pilcer starts with an outline drawing and fills in the forms with colour, not much of it harmonised; his flesh colours are unattractive and poorly shaded, with the limbs given thin, hard edges. But despite all these aesthetic and technical drawbacks and deficiencies, Pilcer has undeniable gifts. His Jerusalem Old City translations are efficient. He is something of a born illustrator with a gift for picture-making—and enlivening the results with a rude, bold energy. And could some of the humour be tongue-in-cheek? Like the reversed public mane of the lady with the lion? Pilcer's work may be often brash, but it is never boring. But it is not, as his press agent claims, either new or unique.

It is something of a relief to turn to the gestural, painterly canvases in the adjoining gallery, by Silvia Ghinsberg (b. Rumania, 1937), but the relief is somewhat short-lived. Trained in Tel Aviv at the High School of Art and at the Avni Institute, Ghinsberg does vigorous landscapes in which patches of colour exist for their own sake. Despite many such attractive passages, the landscapes lack compositional focus and a properly worked out balance of tonal masses. The more literal Parisian street views tend to the slight and pretty. A seated nude works better as a picture; despite the rudimentary drawing, it projects a feeling of opulent flesh. Ghinsberg seems seduced by her own skills; she must take matters further.

Also at the same venue, Jeanette Steiner (b. Paris, here since 1974) shows abstract stone carvings, chiefly in alabaster, of the vaguely biomorphic surrealist shapes that have dominated modelled and carved sculpture since their introduction by Arp. But these works, while skillfully handled, also lack a compositional focus; and Arp's gift for dramatised, elegant simplicity. (Jerusalem Artists House). Till Dec. 5.

YOSEF ZARITZKY, 93, the Grand Old Man of Israeli lyrical abstraction, now being honoured with a retrospective of over 300 works that fill the entire Tel Aviv Museum, was one of the pillars of the New Horizons movement that emerged after the War of Liberation. Before that he was one of this country's leading landscape watercolourists, but in a style that broke completely with the academic realism of English and American tradition. Many of these early water-

colours have now been translated, via the camera and the hand of the printer, into editions of silk-screens signed on and in the print itself by the artist (who otherwise had very little to do with them). They don't approximate the original paintings the way a photo-litho or photo-offset print would, for the washes have been translated into something else that suits the layered screenprint technique, but the colour and mood are both surprisingly good and Zaritzky has given them his blessing as well as his signature (perhaps the printer should have signed them as well). The editions are large (225) but the works are the least expensive signed Zaritzkys available. The sole screen print of an abstract oil is particularly fine. (Jerusalem Artists House Mezzanine Gallery). Till Dec. 5. (The Zaritzky retrospective will be reviewed in these columns later this month.)

HAVA GILLON shows large vertical paintings on paper made with industrial oils. She juxtaposes cyphers for nudes with menacing machinery, all rendered in low-toned opposing blues and reds and soft earth colours, a sort of Chagallian Modern Times as seen by a New Painter. The psychologist may detect all sorts of sexual symbols in the screws and tools, while the historian may point out that Leger said it all so much better. But Gillon's pictures, while often lacking a clarity of pictorial aim, are activated by an inner energy.

At the same venue, Russian-trained Cesar Spivak shows the sort of local-colour aquarelles so beloved of English ladies two world wars ago. The over-literal washes come into their own, however, in several of the cleanly rendered flower pieces; the reddish one is superbly well handled. Some of the landscapes would benefit from cropping to focus attention on their best parts. (Alon Gallery, enr. 51 Palmach, J'lem).

A SMALL groupshow of new works by four artists deals with light and landscape in a way that has very little to do with any sort of realism. Gary Klasmer, in his newest large painting, mixes vaguely architectural forms with two flying sci-fi figures, both upside down (a nod to Baselitz or weightlessness?). The latinised Hebrew word *ozzeret* also discreetly appears, while the whole is surmounted by a rat-trap (a nod to Rauschenberg?). Klasmer has lost none of his ability to convince; the composition works and so does the air of mystery. Less convincing are the highly formalised landscapes by Larry Abramson. Painted on board, they are overly graphic in design and treatment. Abramson might try painting on a more responsive surface. Moshe Gershuni shows drawings on paper made with an oil stick and black enamel paint, using the tunnel motif and the flower which are the subjects of his recent graphics, but these works are no improvement on the screenprints and etchings he is now showing at the Jerusalem Print Workshop Gallery (where Abramson is curator). A pleasant surprise is the recent work of Farideh, who has finally found a workable format. Her spray-and-oil landscapes are painted on paper with the freedom and translucency of a watercolour. The format is an elongated "wide-angle" rectangle made up of two sheets of cut Fabriano



Farideh: "Dusk," diptych, oils, enamel, spray paint on paper (Gallery Gimel, J'lem).



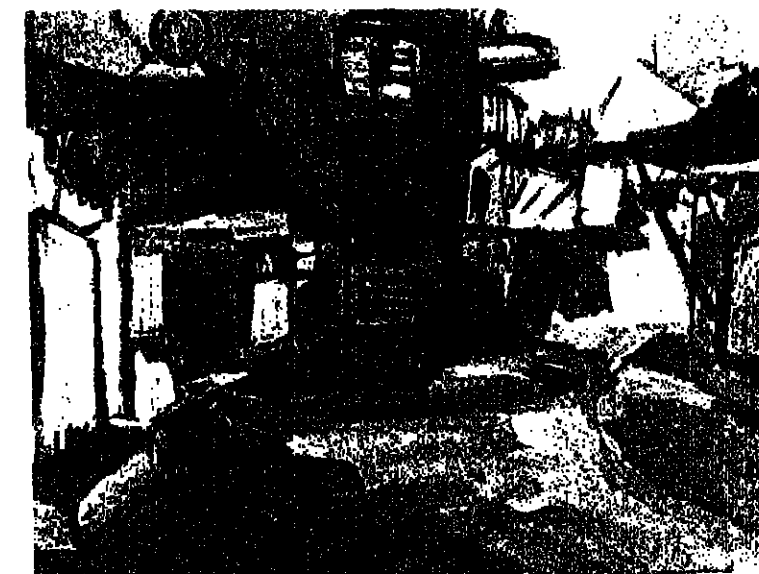
Mitch Pilcer: "Lion and Woman", oils (Jerusalem Artists House).



Hava Gillon: painting, industrial oils on paper (Alon Gallery, J'lem).



Jeanette Steiner: stone carving (J'lem Artists House).



Silvia Ghinsberg: "Alley in Jaffa," oils (J'lem Artists House).

paper, the top of the lower sheet forming a sort of horizon line. The atmosphere is that of dusk, the sky fading into mysterious darkness, the foreground containing gestural strokes and shapes representing foliage. Sometimes the sky or foreground is literally cut in half. The juxtapositions are intriguing, the painterly effects atmospheric and satisfying. Her best work yet. (Gallery Gimel, 4 King Shlomo, J'lem). Till Dec. 9. □

The Jerusalem Post Art Section regrets that it cannot find space to cover exhibitions in hotel galleries, arts and crafts shops and at private studios or homes. Nor does it cover shows that will close before a review can appear, or those that are held in Israel's smaller towns. Invitations to exhibitions in the three main cities should be addressed to "The Art Critic" at The Post's editorial offices in that particular city.

Attic delights

Edith Varga-Biro



Black-figure kyathos (wine-drawing vessel), thought to be protective against the evil eye. Painted pottery. Late 6th cent. BCE. Attica. (Museum of Ancient Art, Haifa).

THE MUSEUM of Ancient Art in Haifa shows its entire collection of ancient Greek painted pottery, the most complete in Israel according to curator Avshalom Zemer. The exhibition contains delightful examples from the main Greek centres active in the 8th-4th centuries BCE: stylized geometrical ceramics (8th cent.) early Corinthian pottery; black-figured, red-figured and white-ground Attic ware, with scenes from life and myth (6th-4th cent.) and interesting samples from the South-Italian Greek colonies, notably Apulia.

An alabastron (small baggy oval jar for cosmetic oil) from Corinth (early 6th cent. BCE) shows an incised picture of a goose between lions—a strange combination of animals, deriving, as in so many early Greek vases, from Oriental and Egyptian sources. At the same time Attica developed the great classical art of

pottery-painting, here represented by black-figured vases of the late 6th cent. One large amphora depicts a scene of poignant timelessness: a soldier leaves home, his son and father bid him farewell. The family dog adds a realistic touch. Another amphora shows Dionysos with drinking and pipe-playing satyrs and maenads.

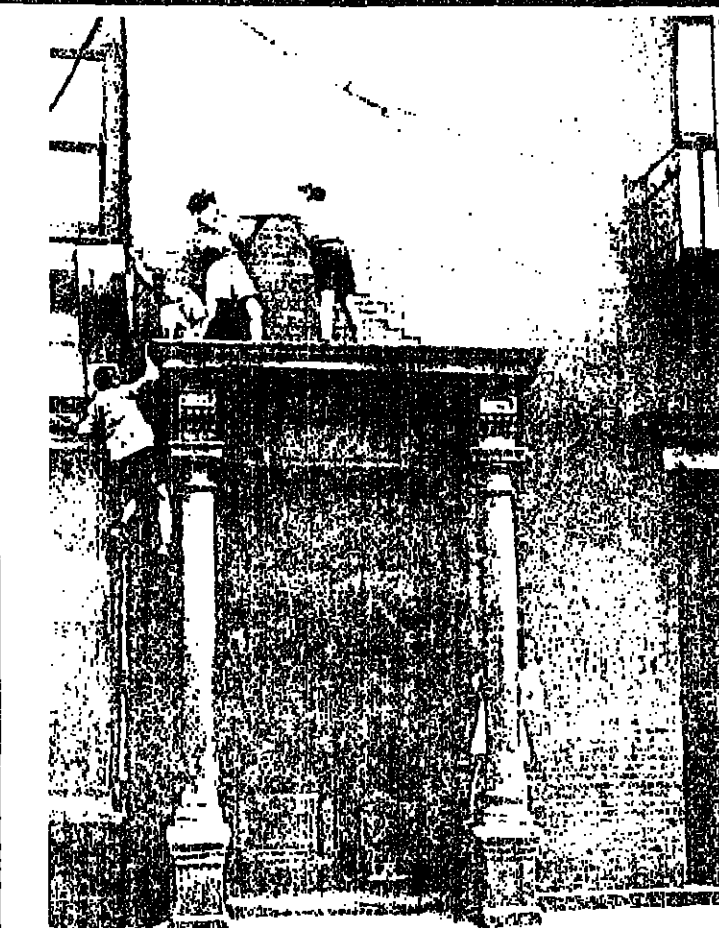
Superstitions were not missing in 6th cent. Attica, attested by an elegant, high-handled wine-drawing cup, painted with an enormous pair of eyes and an incised figure of

Pegasus, both said to serve as protection against the evil eye. One (black-figured wine-cup (late 6th cent.) with Sphinx and Hercules, is signed by the artist (one of the more than 100 Athenian pottery-painters known by name, many of them foreigners).

My personal choice in this show is a lekithos (oil-jar) from 5th cent. Attica, drawn on white slip in exquisite line with great sensibility, depicting a couple placing a wreath upon a grave.

The free sketch of two youths on a 4th cent. red-figured wine-goblet bears witness to the long way Greek vase painting had gone, over 400 years in loosening up.

South Italy's Hellenistic colonies produced in the 4th cent. BCE their own vigorous vase-style on which, in the later years, indigenous artists had a strong influence. A rare piece here is a rhyton sculpted in the form of a goat's head, but the drawing is often slipshod, lifeless and rough. Two large kraters (bowls for mixing wine and water) intended as a grave offering, have a *mauerma* (rich quality, what with their heavy volutes, relief-moulded ornamental heads and profusion of decorations, also in gold. Nonetheless, all this is compensated for by the emotionally expressive scenes painted on them, like the solemn funeral procession. (Museum of Ancient Art, 26 Shabbetai Levy, Haifa). □



Helen Levitt: from her "Street Situations in New York City" (Camera Obscura, Tel Aviv, on view till Dec. 16).

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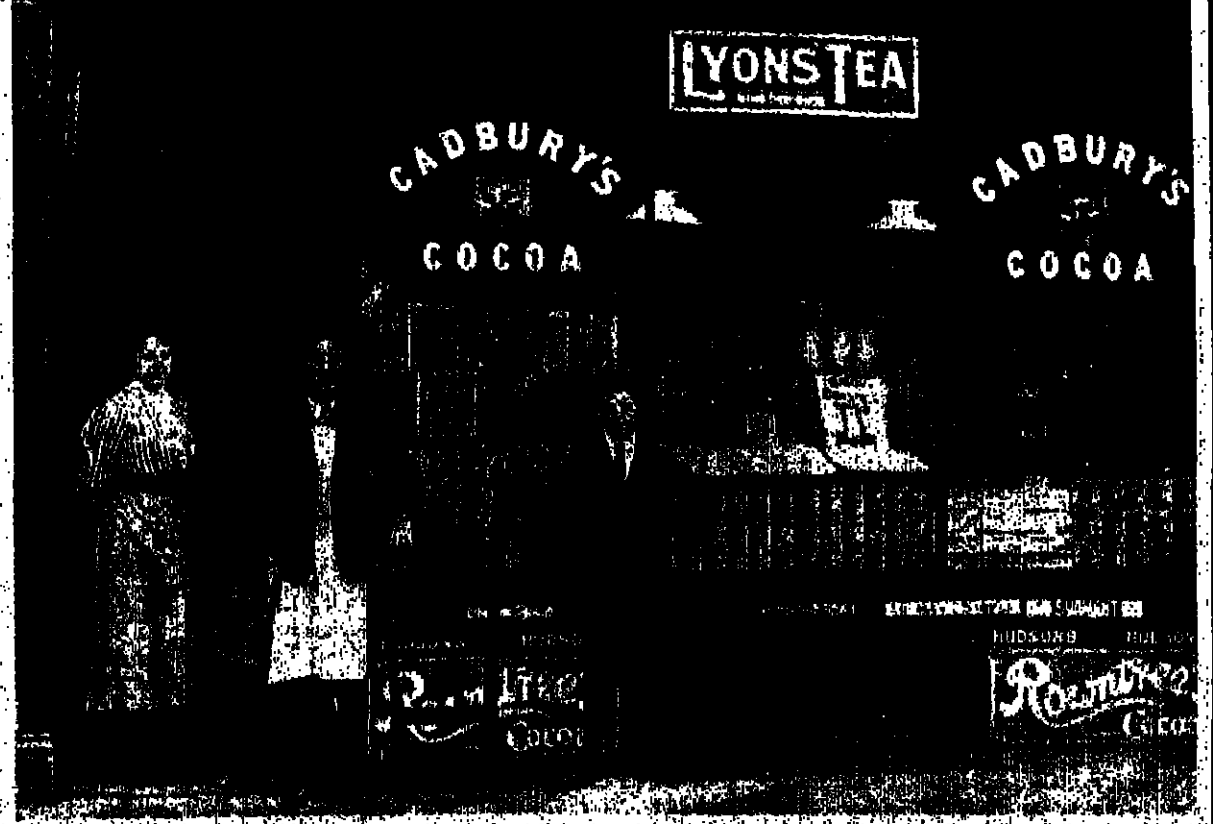
Above) Abrams button factory workers offing, London, August 1916, (below, left) J. Caller & Sons, Newcastle-on-Tyne, 1910; (below, right) Percy W. Offenstein's grocery, Graham St., London, 1910.



Berihon's Jewish Old Aged Home and Hospital, Walthamstow, London, 1899.



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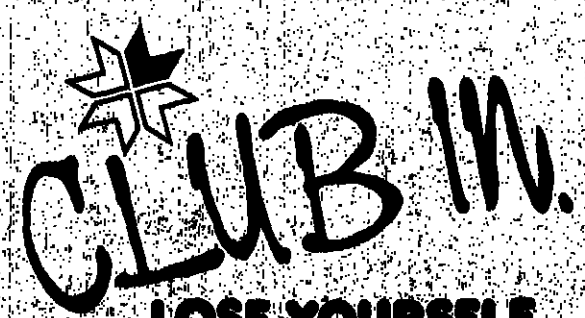
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FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1984

FOR 40 YEARS they've kept their silence. Now the survivors of Josef Mengele's Birkenau "experiments" are preparing to talk.

Over 100 twins "investigated" by Mengele between 1943 and 1945 have united in an organization called Candles. It is their fervent hope that Mengele will be captured, and they intend to publicize the horrific details of his work.

To this end, many of the twins are to undergo medical examinations and to testify at a public hearing next February concerning the treatment they received at Mengele's hands.

For all of them it will be a traumatic experience. Many have never discussed what happened at Birkenau with anyone, and the prospect of taking the witness stand is more than daunting.

Of over 1,500 twins imprisoned, only some 180 survived; many of them still have the physical scars; none is mentally unscathed.

VERA KRIEGEL is one of the lucky ones. She and her twin sister Olga survived two years in Mengele's experimentation block.

Vera's story is like so many other Holocaust tales and she begins to tell it with equanimity. But when she gets to Mengele her pose deserts her: even conjuring up a picture of his face is hard for her, and she has never discussed the experiments with anyone but her twin and her mother Scheindel.

Vera told me her story in Candles' offices in Jerusalem. She hoped that it might stir memories in other Mengele survivors - Candles has not been able to get in touch with tens of twins known to have survived the Birkenau experiments, and it is hoping to reach some of them in time for them to testify at the public hearing.

An intelligent, good-looking woman in her mid-forties, Vera spoke simply and sincerely, telling me firmly that there were some things she was not prepared to discuss.

She can't remember how she got to Birkenau. All she remembers is that her feet were bleeding and that she wouldn't let go of her mother's hand. She was only five years old at the time.

Vera's father had not expected to die in a Nazi concentration camp. A wealthy, influential Czechoslovakian landowner, he thought his money would protect him and his young family. But while it bought a couple of years' breathing space - years spent in cold attics and damp barns - the family was finally discovered one day in 1943 and sent to Birkenau a few weeks later.

Vera's father was taken straight to the gas chambers - so quickly that she didn't realize what had happened.

"I REMEMBER them calling out for twins. My mother told them Olga and I were twins. Not identical - she was taller than me, and a completely different character. I was naughty, a bit of a tomboy; she was always the good little girl."

"We twins were rounded up, together with all the dwarfs and the hunchbacks, and worst of all, we were separated from my mother."

"It took three of them to pull me, a little girl, from my mother. I was sure I would never see her again. But later that day they brought her to us. They locked the three of us in an empty room for a week, with no food. This was the first of the experiments. They were trying to find out how strong we were. We were still very strong in those days."

"Most of the twins were much older than we were, so we were of special interest to Mengele. Olga

40 years of despair

The survivors of Josef Mengele's experiments on twins have united in an attempt to bring the 'Devil Doctor of Auschwitz' to justice, The Jerusalem Post's DAVID HOROVITZ reports.



(Above) Victims of Auschwitz experiments; (Below) Vera Kriegel today and Mengele.

and I and two other little girls. We were at the top of his list.

"He used to call me 'gypsy' when he looked in on us on his 'rounds,' dressed in his long leather coat and boots; a tall, good-looking man in his mid-thirties, a man like any other from the outside. Sometimes he would be charming, other times he threw terrible tantrums, particularly when an experiment had gone badly."

"Olga and I interested him particularly. He wanted to know why our eyes were brown while our mother's were blue."

"For two years he worked on us, injecting us with I've no idea what. Chemicals, viruses, hormones. To this day I don't know what he put inside us. And that's the worst of it. I don't know what I've passed on to my children and grandchildren; none of us came out of the camp normal."

"He did other experiments, too. Things I've never talked about; some things I may talk about at the public hearings...and more I'll probably keep to myself."

THE EXPERIMENTS stopped at the beginning of 1945 as the Russian forces got closer. "The camp was a complete madhouse, a hell on earth. Shouting, Germans everywhere, guns going off, Klaxons blaring."

"One night my mother came for us together with another man who had two children in our barracks. He cut through the electric fence - the current had been turned off - and we found shelter that night in a building maybe 20 metres outside the camp."

"In the morning we prepared to move. But there was nothing but miles of snow in every direction. There was nowhere to go. We went back to the only place we knew - the

camp.

"Soon afterwards they began evacuating the adults. My mother's turn finally came, and as her group was leaving the camp I grabbed hold of Olga's hand and we ran from our barracks and joined them. I don't know why the guards didn't shoot us. Maybe they didn't see us. Maybe they were past caring."

"We trudged through the snow, working our way through the group until we reached our mother. People were collapsing all around us. The Germans shot them where they fell. Later we learned that over half the group died during that march."

"Our destination turned out to be Auschwitz, a mere three kilometres away. We struggled into the camp more like animals than humans. Our guards had deserted us towards the end of the route. The Russians were obviously very close."

"How ironic it is that we walked into Auschwitz as free people. The guards had fled from there as well, and the Russians didn't come for some days."

"The Auschwitz prisoners gave us hot drinks and took care of us. One man in particular was very kind, singling us out because we were so young. He was later to marry my mother, having looked after us during the two months we spent in Auschwitz, waiting for spring to come so the Russians could send us home."

"Of course, our old house in Czechoslovakia was no longer there, and nobody there was going to help us. We scraped by somehow in a rented room until Olga and I were given the chance to go to Britain."

"We lived with about 100 other Holocaust children in a castle near Dublin, then went to London's

Avigdor High School, before rejoining our mother and her new husband in Israel in 1953."

"Olga became a hairdresser, and I a dressmaker, and somehow we managed."

BOTH VERA and Olga married in their teens, and were able to have children. Vera's 27-year-old son now has a boy of his own, and he and his younger sister both live in Israel.

To this day Vera is haunted by her memories of Birkenau. She sometimes cries uncontrollably for days on end, and says she feels like she is constantly trying to hold a cork on a pressurized bottle. "Sometimes that pressure inside just gets too much, and I lose control."

Her sister Olga does not want to be involved in Candles; the thought of discussing her experience is too much for her.

But for Vera, Candles has brought hope. "I pray it will bring the Mengele case into the public eye again and lead to his capture."

There is a desperation in her voice as she says this, a desperation caused by 40 years of feeling that there is something not quite right inside her. "I hope they find him," she says with a new determination, "because we would make him suffer. Death would be too easy for him."

"I would lock him up in a cell and play him recordings of our shouting and crying, day after day, night after night, until he went crazy."

BETWEEN 1979 and 1980 Nazi hunter Simon Wiesenthal was very close to catching Mengele in South America. But for the last three years or so the trail has been cold.

Recent rumours had Mengele in Miami, but Wiesenthal, in Jeru-

salem last month, discounted them, saying that Mengele was in North Paraguay.

He is now 73 years old and has been on the run for over 30 years. Until 1951 he lived under his own name in various places in Bavaria, before fleeing from Germany in 1953 and taking Argentinian citizenship a year later. Most reported sightings of him since then have been in South America.

Born in Guenzberg, Germany, in 1911, he graduated in medicine and philosophy (he was stripped of these degrees in 1961 and 1964 respectively).

Declared medically unfit to serve at the front in World War II, he was appointed doctor of the Auschwitz camp, where he used Jewish twins (as well as dwarfs, hunchbacks and other unusual human "specimens") as guinea pigs in genetic research aimed at finding methods of ensuring the reproduction of the blue eyes and blond hair of the Aryan race, and at eliminating damaging genetic strains.

He also sent an estimated one million people to the gas chambers.

AMONG the victims scheduled to give evidence at the public hearing is Ephraim Reichenberg, who now lives in Beersheba, and who lost the use of his vocal chords after being experimented on by Mengele.

Two years ago Reichenberg heard of a special microphone-type instrument which allows him to communicate, albeit faintly. Ironically, the instrument is manufactured only in Germany, where it was developed.

Also testifying will be twins Miriam Zeiger and Eva Kor, who founded the Candles organization last year.

THE PUBLIC hearing will be the main event in a series planned by Candles for early next year.

On January 27, representatives of the survivors of the three-kilometre march from Birkenau to Auschwitz 40 years ago will retrace those steps in memory of those who perished.

February 3 will see the first ever convention of twins, survivors of the Holocaust, at Yad Vashem. The convention's opening ceremony is to take place exactly 40 years after the liberation of the camps. The meet will last four days, and will be preceded by the dedication of a Camp Liberation Memorial made by Elise Polack.

The memorial is about six metres high and is inscribed with 6,000 numbers, such as were tattooed on the arms of the Nazi victims.

The statue will be dedicated by Simone Weil, former president of the European Parliament, who is herself a concentration camp survivor.

The public hearing will be held from February 3-5 in Jerusalem.

The original idea was to hold an international public trial, but lawyers advised the organizers that a trial cannot legally be held in the absence of the accused and without his having proper legal representation.

The investigating committee is to be headed by Gideon Hausner, who served as prosecutor at the Eichmann trial.

Any witness wishing to keep his identity unknown will be allowed to speak from behind a screen. Only the members of the committee will be able to see his face.

The series of events, united under the title "J'Accuse," is being financed entirely by donations. The estimated cost of the project is in the region of \$230,000, and anyone interested in contributing should contact the organizers at J'Accuse, 16 Rehov Straus, Jerusalem.

CYRIL CONNOLLY kept a journal between 1928 and 1937 in which he recorded not only his personal affairs, in every sense of the word, but also slabs of creative writing, satirical sallies, mood pieces, confessions and the bric-a-brac of spleen.

In 1973, Lord Glenconner gave a dinner party at the Savoy in honour of C.C.'s 70th birthday. "It felt and looked like the Titanic at sea," writes Pryce-Jones. "Cecil Beaton like an old milkmaid... Diana Cooper, the Spenders, the Leigh Fermors and I, chosen by Cyril at the last minute, as though to be a survivor on a raft."

The survivor has sandwiched the journal between chunks of biography which brings Connolly's enormously complex and diversified life into focus, illuminating the often cryptographic journal entries and correcting their author's tortured self-image. Given the chaos of his turbulent life, biography and evaluation may be an unenviable task but not a thankless one, for Connolly's career makes up in fascination what it lacks in singleminded purpose. It has been judged to add up to a tale of talent squandered on self-indulgent trivia, of energy dissipated, of destructive relationships but, worst of all, to potential unfulfilled, "the millstone of promise around his neck."

C.C. was born in Coventry in 1903 where Papa, a military man, was stationed at the time. In 1910, shouldering the burden of Empire, the family was posted to Hong Kong where the climate was considered unsuitable and young Cyril was shipped back to England to be educated, first at St. Christopher's prep school and later at St. Cyprian's, near Eastbourne. There, he experienced "physical discomfort, nasty food, bullying, prurience about sex... though Spartan, the death-rate was low," he observed. A fellow inmate, Eric Blair (George Orwell), recorded the misery in a brilliant essay called "Such Were the Joys."

The school's principals, Mr. and Mrs. Wilkes, treated Connolly as their favourite pupil. He repaid them viciously in *Enemies of Promise* by presenting them as grotesques, much distressing Mrs. Wilkes, who was by then a widow living in reduced circumstances. Neither loyalty nor gratitude was C.C.'s strong suit.

JUST BEFORE the end of WWI, he entered Eton as a "colleger," a scholarship boy. During the three years he spent there, the groundwork was laid for his knowledge of languages, grasp of literature and the acquisition of the attributes of a gentleman - of which homosexuality was deemed a prerequisite.

And so on to Oxford, where his contemporaries at Balliol included Graham Greene, Peter Quennell and Anthony Powell and where young Connolly was "famous for not being as famous as he thought he ought to be." However, Kenneth Clark called him "without a doubt the most gifted man of his generation."

Connolly, ugly and overweight ("Imprisoned in every fat man a thin one is wildly signalling to be let out"), developed the only possible compensation: erudition and wit draped in aesthetic affectation which he refined in the steamy and viciously spiteful cockpit of the homo world, where everyone appeared "to be gone on" everyone else and where he was judged to be "the complete bugger, sodomy for the millions."

I remember walking with Cyril Connolly through the fields and forests of Somerhill, Sir Henry

Promissory note



"The photograph which had come to represent his final self, a mug-shot of an intellectual desperado with a reward on his head, dishevelled, reprouched, his own wild ghost fugitive within the unhappy face."

CYRIL CONNOLLY: Journal and Memoir by David Pryce-Jones. New York, Ticker & Fields. 304 pp. No price stated.

Wim van Leer

d'Avigdor Goldsmid's estate in Kent. The subject was the class values inherent in words. "Bugger," as in "silly bugger," Cyril explained, was as friendly amid the lower classes as it was suspect in the upper, whereas the word "bastard," as in "Hello John, you old bastard," was an acceptable upper-class term of familiarity. In the lower orders, where illegitimacy was not uncommon, "bastard" was considered "a liberty." A linguistic curiosity.

So much for a declaration of interest.

THE SUMMERS and holidays were spent travelling the continent in gay droves exploring the culinary, artistic and sexual delights of Europe. Having little money, Connolly refined the art of sponging on his affluent friends in return for spiritual uplift and round-the-clock entertainment.

All this, I suppose, adds up to what he was to describe as "serving a life sentence in the dungeon of life."

After getting a third in his Oxford finals, he became the intimate secretary to that literary pedant Logan Pearsall Smith (according to Virginia Woolf, "A homosexual manque"), who was to show him "the pathway to the ivory tower," while taking note of the bordello in the basement.

Their travels took them to Central Europe, the Balkans and the golden boys of the Maghreb. Connolly finally landed in Paris.

But, one after another, the gay lads of yore went the way of all flesh, overcoming their fear of women, and joined the happy band of thigh-hunters. In the end, only two of Connolly's paramours remained faithful to their proclivity and they never forgave him for "what to them appeared an almost treasonable transfer of allegiance."

A NEWCOMER to hetero ways, he sought professional succour from a girl called Chica, resident in the stews of Lambeth. The experience also afforded a glimpse of a class of people as yet unversed in the Classics.

I remember walking with Cyril Connolly through the fields and forests of Somerhill, Sir Henry

verse, recorded peregrinations at fashionable watering-places.

Brave resolves mingle with snapshots from the hell of loneliness, rantings against the energy-sapping magnetism of other people and snippets of music-hall clowning. He includes, of course, brave resolutions to mend his ways, to work, to live up to the promise of spring, plus a generous leavening of snide remarks about Jews, niggers, Americans, foreigners and the English (if they are poor enough).

Connolly even makes lists of ideal companions in Heaven: Evelyn Waugh, Christopher Sykes and Rosamond Lehmann for dinner; Tibullus, Walpole, Auden for literature; and Lesbia, Albertine, John Crawford, Jean Harlow and Robert Heber-Percy for sex.

Out of this quagmire of dissipation he condensed *The Rock Pool*, rejected by Faber as being obscene and, for this very reason, rescued by Jack Kahane and published in Paris by his Obelisk Press in 1936.

IN A BRIEF Epilogue, Pryce-Jones deals with the period from 1937 until Connolly's death in 1974, during which *Enemies of Promise* (1938) and his chief oeuvre, *The Unquiet Grave* (1945), saw the light of day.

His marriage was on the rocks, but relief was on the way. As for so many floaters, the outbreak of World War II demanded a major course correction. Together with his friend and benefactor Peter Watson, he founded the monthly magazine *Horizon*. Pryce-Jones puts his finger on the magazine's essence when he says: "Had there been no war, the contents of *Horizon* might have proved much the same."

Here I must digress to acknowledge my indebtedness to Cyril Connolly. For those of us who for five years were deeply involved in the war, the monthly arrival of *Horizon* was an event in an otherwise bleak existence where elegance, frivolity and the realm of the free spirit had gone into the deepfreeze. My war-heroes were Winston Churchill, Tommy Handley of ITMA fame, and *Horizon*, all of which sustained my spirit during those forgettable years. If at all, I believe that it will be for *Horizon* that Cyril Connolly will be remembered.

WHAT ABOUT that genius whose promise remained unfulfilled? Author of three works, be they of doubtful longevity, countless book reviews, essays and belles lettres, not to mention editing 120 issues of *Horizon*, Connolly was also - for 20 years - the leading lit. crit. of *The Sunday Times*, a task to which he applied the highest standards, so high in fact as to be out of many literate people's reach.

Satirist, minor poet, enfant terrible, deviate iconoclast, a clown-prince with all the droll adroitness implies, Cyril Connolly passed like a bright comet through the literary firmament of my days. Knowing him personally neither added to nor diminished the magic.

"The true function of the writer is to produce a masterpiece," he told Ken Tynan, "no other task if of any consequence." Yet later, beyond the point of no return, with time running out, when even brave resolutions were of no avail, he had second thoughts. "All the books I didn't write went into the need to be loved."

And which is better: to have been loved by many or to have taken up more shelf space?

I have admired and at times even envied Cyril Connolly. But when all is said and done, I have never liked him. Since reading David Pryce-Jones' incisive and stylish memoir, I know why.

Swell foop

THE FABER BOOK OF PARODIES edited by Simon Brett. London, Faber. 383 pp. £4.25.

S. T. Meravi

THE FIRST thing to do with a new anthology of parodies of course is to test it against the limbus of Dwight MacDonald's superb Random House collection. Happy is the reviewer who can report that the new faberization holds up quite well.

For one thing, despite all its imperishable goodies, MacDonald's *Parodies* is now a quarter of a century old. For another, MacDonald maintained that the parodic muse had finally decided to take up permanent residence on the American side of the pond. With his new anthology Simon Brett handily provides in one swell foop an update of material and a rebuttal to such parochial prejudice.

Equally welcome, Brett adopts none of MacDonald's academic posturing. He simply presents his selections in alphabetical order of the victims, and suggests to the reader that for the best results one should dip in when the mood strikes and not binge-out on the collection whole. He offers no notes or other apparatus save for a brief introduction in which he maintains that (a) parodies should be entertaining and (b) should anyone ask, parodies are for those people who cannot "sing the carol 'While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks by Night' without hearing an echo of sock-washing."

ONE CAN of course quibble with some of his editorial decisions. Two parodies of Ernest Hemingway are offered, for example, but neither has a chance against the ones by E. B. White and Wolcott Gibbs that are found in the MacDonald book.

But these minor aberrations are quickly forgiven, and not just because Brett includes Robert Benchley's immortal send-up of Shakespeare critics that MacDonald unconsciously overlooked. Brett has also done a good job of raiding *The New Statesman* competitions, has selected the very best of Beerbohm, has picked up on Kenneth Tynan and Clives James and Russell Davies in their top form, and has unearthed from Alan Bennett what I would have thought the impossible: a truly witty parody of the witty Oscar Wilde.

Among delicious parodies of contemporaries are Miles Kingston's very clever sketch of the filmmaker "Woody Allen." Barry Brown's hilarious take-off on Len Deighton, the blistering blast at Ted Hughes by "Edward Pygme" (most likely Clive James), and a selection from J.R.R. Tolkien's "Bored of the Rings" by *The National Lampoon's* Henry N. Beard and Douglas C. Kenney. But if space allows only one good quote here, perhaps it should be from the "New Improved Sonnet XXIII" by Peter Titheradge:

"Shall I equate thee with a summer's day? Thou art more valid and more meaningful."

GOT the idea? Then get the book. After all, according to the blurb on the back cover: "This book will change your life! Hilarious, tender and deeply shocking, this irresistible collection contains the wealth of wit and wisdom of our literary heritage. It will be hailed as the publishing event of all time."

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Information: Tel. 02-883851

Round Table Discussion: Remembering Max Brod
Wednesday, November 28, 8 p.m. — Beit Belgia, Givat Ram

Somnolent rhythms

I AM ambivalent about Helen Hooven Santmyer's *Ohio Town*. Santmyer's recollections of early twentieth century life in her home town, Xenia, Ohio, are recorded with unswerving fidelity to the somnolent rhythms of the American Middle West. Xenia, Ohio, and Helen Hooven Santmyer's state of mind are indivisible. Like the primed chandelier in the Presbyterian church of Santmyer's childhood, they reflect the multiple images of a singular point of view.

"The street that is full now of traffic and parked cars, then and for many years, drowsed on an August afternoon in the shade of the curb-side trees, and silence was a weight, almost palpable, in the air. Every slight sound that rose against that pressure fell away again, crushed beneath it. A hay wagon moved slowly along the gutter, the top of it swept by the low boughs of the maple trees and loose straws were left hanging tangled among the leaves. A wheel squeaked on a hub, was still, and squeaked again. If a child watched its progress, he whispered 'Hay, hay, load of hay—make a wish and turn away,' and then

OHIO TOWN by Helen Hooven Santmyer. New York, Harper & Row, 309 pp. \$14.95.

Richard Penniman

stared rigidly in the opposite direction until the sound of the horses' feet returned no more. When the hay wagon had gone, and an interval passed, a huckster's cart might turn the corner. The horse walked, the reins were slack, the huckster rode with bowed shoulders, his forearms across his knees. Sleepily, as if half-reluctant to break the silence, he lifted his voice: 'Rhu-beb-ni-ide fresh rhu-beb today!' The lazy sing-song was spaced in time like the drone of a bumblebee. No one seemed to hear him, no one heeded. The horse plodded on, and he repeated his call. It became so monotonous as to seem part of the quietness. After his passage, the street was empty again. The sun moved slantwise across the sky and down; the trees' shadows circled from street to sidewalk, from sidewalk to lawn. At four o'clock, or four-thirty, the coming of the newsboy marked the end

of the day; he tossed a paper toward every front door, and housewives came down to their steps to pick them up and read what their neighbors had been doing."

SO WHAT is there in *Ohio Town* to arouse such a churning emotion as ambivalence? Both style and content seem as pastoral and immutable as Shangri-La. Any emotion at all, in fact, would seem to lean towards the histrionic. Anyone who feels an affinity (as I do) for the literary torch-bearers of American, Mid-Western sentiment (Wallace Stegner, Sherwood Anderson, Edgar Lee Masters) cannot help viewing this octogenarian's sudden success with a wary eye. It was not until Santmyer became a bona fide "media event" (because of her length of days) that her first released novel, "...And Ladies of the Club," became a best-seller. Santmyer has publicly stated a wish to be remembered for that book and for *Ohio Town*. O.K. by me. It's just that this ballyhoo is not deserved. Santmyer is a faithful chronicler of events. She has written volumes, but she is not a writer. Santmyer possesses neither the sensibility nor the talent to turn her life's work into literature. *Ohio Town* makes for a pleasant read. Nothing more.

Part of the chain

SARA DAVIDSON's first book, *Loose Change*, was a chronicle of the psychedelic Sixties. *Real Property*, her next book, dealt with the following decade, the ensuing hangover of disillusionment. Confronted once too often by a boundless freedom, Davidson realized, "I'm not cut out for this. I'm just a bourgeois Jewish girl."

It was a long haul, but in her new book she finally gets to the place she has wanted to be all along: at home with herself. In *Friends of the Opposite Sex*, her first novel, she again speaks in the voice of the generation that ushered in the Age of Aquarius. However, it is the tail end of the Seventies, freedom has become floundering, cosmic clarity confusion. Worst of all, her prized independence has declined into loneliness.

FRIENDS OF THE OPPOSITE SEX by Sara Davidson. New York, Doubleday, 288 pp. \$15.95.

Lauren Kettler

LUCY, a survivor of the Sixties, and her friend of the opposite sex, Joe, are two swinging Californians. They meet, engage in spiky sex, make a documentary film together. Conveniently, the film they produce covers the jaded singles scene and deepens their own relationship. "We're making this production about people who have a disease, a sickness, and we're the worst of all." That's Lucy telling it like it is, after she and Joe, having gone through heaven and hell together, manage to remain, in the style of the times, involved but officially uncommitted.

The last third of the book finds

Lucy in Israel around the time of Camp David. There she discovers the "real" Israel and Uzi, a long-lost Israeli boyfriend. Lucy is fascinated by the country, the people, the history. Whereas before "the Star of David was a symbol Lucy had always associated with shame," she now sees herself as "part of the living chain that reached all the way back to the nomads who wandered in the desert," and finds "pleasure living, for the first time, in a Jewish society." Joe eventually joins her and the two embark on a disastrous trip through Sinai. It proves the turning-point in her relationship with Joe, and in her life in general.

Aside from scattered moments where Davidson, in her enthusiasm for Israel, introduces questionable detail (Are there really Israelis convinced the Beduin are "morally superior" to the Jews? Where in Jerusalem were people "picking up loaves of twisted challah" on "the Friday of Passover week?"), it is refreshing to hear an honest voice from the Sixties.

House-proud killer

THE RUSSIANS have a proverb, "The peasant woman didn't have any troubles, so she bought herself a little pig." Elmore Leonard's hero, George Moran, is an ex-marine running a small resort motel on Pompano Beach, Florida, where he can relish the sun, the sea, and the fact that he is happily divorced and need no longer build condominiums with his father-in-law. Like that other Floridian, Travis McGee, he is a man of considerable integrity.

Fortunately or unfortunately, like that Russian peasant woman, he changes his situation because of a whim. He sets out to find a girl snipper with whom he exchanged shots while serving in Santo Domingo. The search for her proves to be rather pointless, but it does get him into bed with Mary de Boys, the American wife of a former reactionary Sauto Domingo general, who is living in exile in Miami, with a couple

CAT CHASER by Elmore Leonard. New York, Avon Books, 283pp. \$2.95.

HUNTER by Eric Sauter. New York, Avon Books, 189pp. \$2.95.

Philip Gillon

of million dollars under his bed.

The general, as foul a Latin American reactionary as ever tortured a guerrilla to please Trujillo, resents people committing adultery with his wife. One thing leads to another, and George has to fight for his life, which he does with commendable skill and lack of self-doubt, despite his integrity.

Leonard writes in terse, Hemingway-like sentences that hit with the impact of the shots George fires from his .45. For instance, after he shoots one villain, a thought comes into his mind that he might or

might not tell Mary about someday thinking as he saw the blood he was glad he had not had the tile floor carpeted."

ERIC SAUTER's *Hunter* is rather similar in both concept and style. Sauter's hero, Hunter, has written a novel from which a movie was made, which earned him sufficient money to live on an island in the Delaware River and to mind his own business. But he has a weakness—he is loyal to his friends, even when they are no-good, ingrates like Billy Rye. He also resents women being beaten up. So, when Billy disappears and two monsters brutally assault a barmaid named Di, Hunter lives up to his name and takes the tortuous trail.

It leads him into all kinds of places, including Washington and a degenerate town in the middle of a forest, where people are haunted by evil lusts and wrongs of yesterday. After much travail, Hunter manages to kill off some very nasty citizens, and to land himself a lovely lady lawyer in the process.

IN THE WAKE of the war in Lebanon, incisive accounts have been published—describing, analysing and bringing new facts to bear—of the succession of nightmarish events in the past two years. The attempted murder in London of Israeli Ambassador Shlomo Argov, the massacres in the Sabra and Shatilla refugee camps, the national protest and subsequent investigation in Israel, and the movement of IDF troops into the heart of Beirut—all these provoked such protest in the country that the comment by NBC's John Chancellor that this was "not the Israel we have seen in the past" could hardly be defended.

Yet Danny Gavron's clearly-written and well-balanced *Israel After Begin*, in fact, a defence against this charge. In his well-structured book, Gavron sets out to explain that the IDF move was "not an unprovoked Israeli attack." The PLO's "impressive infrastructure" was growing and Israel faced the threat of attack at any time.

While Gavron tries to defend Israel—her decisions and morality—he admits that the kind of actions that were being taken did indeed belong to a "different Israel." So, while the author of *Walking Through Israel* describes his visit in 1981 to the Galilee kibbutz of Misgav Am just after a PLO terrorist attack (emphasizing the need to protect Israel's northern villages), he also stresses that this was the first offensive war in the country's history.

This time, many Israelis could not find a moral defence for their country, whose decisions had been taken largely by an ambitious, power-hungry defence minister, and somehow by-passed the prime minister and the cabinet. Concerned with much more than simply ensuring peace for northern Galilee, says Gavron, Ariel Sharon "wanted to smash the PLO and expel the Palestinian refugees from Lebanon (with Phalangist support) into Syria and thence to Jordan, where they could set up their Palestinian state." This was the beginning—in June 1982.

THE BOOK is interspersed with interviews with young IDF soldiers, whose views range from religious to irreligious, and from support of, to protest against, what the government had done.

One soldier explained that in pre-

Winds of change



ISRAEL AFTER BEGIN by Daniel Gavron. Boston, Houghton Mifflin, 199 pp. No price stated.

Helena Flusfeder

vious battles "I knew exactly why I was there. I knew who the enemy was and where he was." Not so in this war. It soon became clear that the IDF was surging beyond the initial 45 km. limit.

Not only were soldiers at a loss to know who or what they were fighting for, but there was an increase of "corruption" in their behaviour. This even applied to the near-sacred principle of *tohar huneshek*, purity of arms, which the IDF always tries to adhere to.

This should not have been totally surprising, since "the man in charge" had previously been commander of the notorious Unit 101, whose attacks on the West Bank village of Kibya—and into Jordanian and Egyptian-controlled territory—

were carried out efficiently, ruthlessly and with a supreme belief in force as the solution to everything.

There was a gradual growth in the gap between those who supported the government and the growing numbers of protestors, which swelled into the highest ranks of the IDF, and led to the resignation of Colonel Eli Geva and others.

IN HIS ATTEMPT to understand the changes in Israel leading up to and resulting from the war, Gavron dissects the beliefs and trends of Israeli society. One factor which contributed to the growing polarity in the country was the position and attitude of the thousands of Jews who had arrived in Israel from Arab countries in the Fifties. According to Gavron, their feeling of having been "hard done by" by the neighbouring kibbutzim and by European Jews was fanned into deep resentment by Menachem Begin, and used for his own purposes.

Other changes had occurred in Israeli society since 1967. After the

expansion of its territory in the Six Day War, Israel's attitude almost imperceptibly changed to that of a "master." The cheap labour flooding into the country from the West Bank and Gaza did not help the once-moral Israeli ethic of self-labour only.

Gavron's wide-ranging interviews—among the people he talked to were Rabbi Moshe Levinger and Hanan Porat—point to a new alternative: Jewish nationalism. This was an era when a movement like Gush Emunim could stand side by side with the cluster of new peace movements formed in the wake of the war.

The protest groups began to include more religious people, the climax to the national denunciation of the government's behaviour coming in a demonstration by an estimated 400,000 people after the Sabra and Shatilla massacres. This call for action was, in Gavron's words, "a thunderous, anguished cry of protest and penance, a ringing affirmation that 'this thing was not done in our name.'"

Laying much of the responsibility for the killing of Emil Grunzweig at the Peace Now march in February 1983 at Begin's door, Gavron asserts that "it could only have happened in the hate-filled, divided Israel that his political style created."

WITH ITS reporting, its varied interviews, its recording of the reactions of mothers of sons who had fallen in a seemingly meaningless war, its analysis of the people and the make-up of the society, *Israel After Begin* is a well-written book. Even more important, Gavron provides an insight into what was, and what has become of, Israeli society.

However, it is almost impossible to draw definite conclusions about the future, positing an autonomous Palestinian state and possible Utopian exchanges between Jews and Palestinians, as he tries to do in his last few chapters.

It is not easy to see a quick way to a peaceable solution all round, but Gavron's position is clear. As a new Israeli, concerned with the country's moral values, he believes in the rights of the Palestinians; but "we in Israel who have fought so hard and so bitterly for our national independence must be the first to say, 'No piece of land, no stone, no Temple, is worth the sacrifice of human life.'"

Language dilemma

THE ARABIC NOVEL: An Historical and Critical Introduction by Roger Allen. Syracuse: Syracuse University Press. 181 pp. No price stated.

A LITERATURE IN SEARCH OF LANGUAGE by Sasson Somekh. Tel Aviv: The Irene Halmos Chair of Arabic Literature, Tel Aviv University. 12 pp. No price stated.

THE LANGUAGE OF FICTION IN THE WORKS OF YUSUF IDRIS (Lughat al-Oissa fi Adab-Yusuf Idris) by Sasson Somekh. Tel Aviv: The Irene Halmos Chair for Arabic Literature, Tel Aviv University. 182 pp. No price stated.

Nissim Rejwan

unconsciously, struggling his way through language in every line he puts down. The search for a language is thus the hallmark of creativity in literature, and "only literatures in a state of total stagnation and complacency have no interest in

vernaculars (or 'ammiyya). Extremely few Arab writers of any literary standing have chosen to write in their own spoken Arabic dialect or sub-dialect. The dilemma has been far deeper, and the choices differed as between one genre and another. Dr. Allen points out, in discussing language with reference to the novel, that the major preoccupation of Arab literary circles has been with the use of colloquial Arabic in dialogue. The problem is far from being resolved, though few Arab novelists today use the 'ammiyya even in dialogue.

YUSUF IDRIS, who is perhaps the foremost short story writer in Egypt today (and who has also written a number of novels), is one of those Arab writers who have struck a compromise. He keeps to the *fu'sha* throughout the narrative parts, but his dialogues are almost invariably in 'ammiyya. *The Language of Fiction in the Works of Yusuf Idris* is not Somekh's first work on the art of this Egyptian writer of fiction, but it is the first monograph to be devoted wholly to the subject of language in Idris's works.

It is a fascinating study, detailed

Pentateuch

TARGUM YONATAN BEN UZZIEL, AL HATORA by David Rieder. Jerusalem, distributed by Ben-Ari, 315 pp. No price stated.

Aryeh Rubinstein

DESPITE ITS name, this Aramaic translation of the Pentateuch is not the work of Yonatan ben Uzziel, a pupil of Hillel's, who wrote a *Targum* to the Prophets. Its author is unknown, and its date is a matter of controversy. David Rieder detects in *Targum Yonatan*'s rendition of Balaam's blessing references to the Crusades, and rejects the view that it was written centuries earlier.

Rieder, who taught both chemistry and the Talmud at the Evelina de Rothschild School in Jerusalem for 37 years, in 1974 published an entirely re-edited text of *Targum Yonatan*—more correctly designated *Targum Yerushalym*—based on a photographed copy of the London MS at the National and University Library in Jerusalem.

Rieder died in 1978, and his widow, Miriam, has now published part 1 of his Hebrew translation of *Targum Yonatan*, covering the books of Genesis and Exodus, together with explanatory notes and source references, with the Aramaic text at the end of the book. A second volume is in preparation, covering the last three books of the Pentateuch.

Targum Yonatan is more careful to avoid anthropomorphisms than are Onkelos or *Targum Yonatan* to the Prophets. But its most distinctive characteristic is its free *agadic* handling of the text.

For example: Genesis 37:24 reads: "And they [Joseph's brothers] took him, and cast him into the pit—and the pit was empty, there was no water in it." *Targum Yonatan* adds to this: "...but there were snakes and scorpions in it."

The addition is based on *Shabbat* 22a and *Beresheet* Rabba, and it is also cited by Rashi. But in *Targum Yonatan* the text and the midrashic addendum are lumped together. (The point of the addendum is that we should not think that Joseph's brothers took pains not to throw him into a dangerous pit. True, it was dry, but...)

and painstaking, and yet readable and thoughtfully organized.

Idris's art receives only a passing reference in Roger Allen's book, and rightly so, since *The Arabic Novel* is concerned with the novel rather than the short story. There is a general survey of the early development of a novel tradition in Arabic literature. Two later chapters constitute the bulk of the work. Chapter III, which covers what the author calls "the period of maturity," deals with the themes, techniques and the medium of the more recent novels, and their readership, also.

The following chapter, which occupies more than a third of the book, provides brief surveys of eight Arabic novels written in the past twenty years or so by eight leading novelists, who include Najib Mahfuz (Egypt), Ghassan Kanafani and Ibrahim Jabra (Palestine), al-Tayyib Salih (Sudan), Halim Barakat (Lebanon), and others. One can argue with the choice of titles, though scarcely with the list of authors (*Thunthra fark al-Nil*, for instance, can hardly be considered typical of Mahfuz's novels, or of his style); but this is an unquestionably timely and useful book.

THE MULTIPLICATION of the price of oil in the months following the war of 1973 transformed the economic relationship between the oil-producing states and the oil consumers. The new relationship between them was founded on the difficulties encountered by the consuming states in paying for the oil which they needed in still-increasing quantities, and on the producing states' vast new wealth, which they were unable to deal with without the co-operation of the oil consumers.

This task they achieved essentially through investment and a variety of other means of recycling in the industrial states of the west (and Japan). Unaccountable amounts of money changed hands in return for oil, and with it the ownership of huge tracts of property, business interests, art objects, houses and other forms of wealth in western countries.

But these were not the only ways in which the oil states used their wealth. For many of them, oil wealth was a means to another end. With oil revenues, it became possible to envisage, far more than in the past, some concrete achievement of common Arab political aims.

There is a modicum of consensus among the Arab states about these aims. They include, most obviously, the winning of the struggle with Israel. The war with Israel, which until Camp David commanded at least the verbal support of all Arab states and their leaders, could be fought on various levels, but on all of

THIS IMMODESTLY entitled book attempts to "survey" ancient and modern Israeli history, and the 2,000-year-long exile, and to say it all boils down to either Yavne or Mussada. The writer's hero is Meyer London, a World War I-era Jewish congressman who was a socialist anti-Zionist, but above all a *menach*, probably one of those 36 lovely Jews that keep God from destroying his squalid handiwork.

The author comes out of a Workman's Circle background, and sees herself as an enlightened, superior Jew, a chosen person, and believes that the Jews should be better than other people, more ethical, more like her mother's definition of a Jew. Her comments about her mother and how her own family came to America are thrown in summarily in this farago that is supposed to add up to something. But it is a basically silly and ill-informed book, and mean-spirited despite all the author's claims to being a humanist.

ALTHOUGH the editors of this book claim that it is "rich with original material," the opposite is true. The author reports on a few meetings

IN 1957 BENZION DINUR and Shaul Esh, the late editors of the first volume of *Yad Vashem* studies, feared that the time which separated them from the Holocaust might make it difficult for many scholars to arrive at a real understanding of that event.

Today, a quarter of a century later, such fears seem much exaggerated. In fact, Holocaust studies have become an integral part of our history and culture, while intensified research here and abroad has provided a new perspective for all scholars interested in this subject.

YAD VASHEM studies are an integral part of such research, and Volume XV is an excellent proof that we know much more about the Holocaust today than 25 years ago, and that its general impact seems stronger than it was a decade ago.

New books on the Holocaust

The lost pillars

ARAB REACH: The Secret War Against Israel by Hoag Levin. London, Sidgwick & Jackson. 335 pp. £9.95

David Wasserstein

them the possession of oil, and of oil revenues, made success appear far closer.

PROPAGANDA in the west became a matter of small change in oil budgets; more subtly, attempts could be made, through the subsidizing of Islamic studies at American and other western universities, to influence the future western experts on the Middle East; votes, or influence of different sorts, could be bought, or persuaded to follow certain directions, through the judicious distribution or withholding of contracts worth fantastic amounts of money; and even greater amounts might be spent on armaments. Here several pressures could be brought simultaneously into play. Political pressures inside the arms-producing states, economic pressures on these states from without, and military pressures in the Middle East itself began to mingle dangerously with each other.

All these means have been used by

the Arab states, or those of them which have oil riches, in the struggle with Israel. Levin provides an account of the way they have been used, though in a relentlessly breathless style which does not carry the literate reader with him all the way.

Such a reader may have more than stylistic objections to this book. Levin appears to believe that the oil producers' assumption of controlling interests in the economies of the West is part of a larger strategy aimed at the destruction of the state of Israel. Yet the reader is nowhere told just how the existence of such a strategy can be reconciled with the undoubted existence of a multitude of political and other differences separating the Arab states among themselves, which make the prospect of politico-economic co-operation by them against Israel an illusion.

LEVIN'S MAIN thesis is that, as a result of the price rises after the Yom Kippur War, Israel lost at least two of the three "pillars" on which it had based its existence for three decades.

These three pillars are, Levin maintains, her exclusive influence on the domestic United States political process, exclusive access to the

United States' most advanced military technology and, finally, the atomic bomb.

The vote on the supply of F15s to Saudi Arabia in 1978, and of AWACS to the same country in 1981, according to Levin, show that Israel has lost the first two of these three "pillars." According to him, Israel made some use of the third, at least as a threat, in 1973. If Levin is right, both about the importance of these three "pillars" to Israel's continued existence, and the significance of the developments involving them since 1973, then we might justifiably ask both for some evidence that Israel's position in relation to her Arab neighbours has changed fairly dramatically for the worse, politically and militarily, since and because these developments occurred, and also for some analysis of how such changes affect Israel for the worse.

Analysis, however, is something that this book is very short on. It is not clear, furthermore, whether Levin thinks the new situation good, or better than the old. There is little feeling, as one reads the book that all of it means anything. Levin's attitude to this country, to its history, its ideologies, its leaders, its people, can scarcely be described as one of undiluted admiration or even (dangerous) understanding. Add to this a remarkable number of errors of fact for a book whose author has received several awards for "Best Reporting," and you begin to wonder just how useful it all is.

has probably never been to Israel either.

The mistakes are innumerable, whether it's small details ("a Yemenite Jew in a Jerusalem slum" was killed by police - it was a Tel Aviv slum, but what's the difference?), or in her general reading of Jewish history.

The book is badly written, poorly structured, and truly fuzzy-headed.

A fierce critique is absolutely necessary of Israel and its relation with the Jews of the rest of the world. There is no question that there is a moral, social, religious, economic, political crisis of enormous dimensions. But this foolish book, with its choppy, irritating sentence structure, and its presumptions of knowledge about everything from the Babylonian Exile and Moses Mendelssohn to Zionist attitudes towards the Holocaust and the phenomenon of the Falashas, takes us nowhere. All this book may do is inspire other mediocre writers - it is proof that just about anything can be published and that Times Books doesn't have the high standards of its parent company.

SHE IS monolithically critical of Israel, to the point of absurdity. "Israeli Jews also affront Israeli Arabs in small, mean ways. The government subsidized bread but not pita - the Arab bread - which is officially classified as cake." I guess only Arabs eat pita. In some ways, the author is the reverse coin of the Gush Erez guide who points out all of the Arab pisseurs that were built alongside the Western Wall before 1967. "Professor Ian Lustick noted that the Hilton Hotel in Tel Aviv was built upon a Moslem cemetery." Now one would think that at least the editor of the book would have caught that one - Tel Aviv was built on the sand dunes, not on top of Jaffa. But the editor

Third-hand wisdom

THE FATE OF THE JEWS: A People Torn Between Israeli Power and Jewish Ethics by Roberta Strauss Feuerlicht. New York. Times Books. 324 pp. \$18.65.

Louis Rapoport

between Blacks and Jews at the "Y" in New York, and religiously takes down the comments of an Israeli Black Panther at a meeting of The New Agenda (the leftist successor of Breira, which was hounded out of existence by the Jewish Establishment). Everything else is culled from other people's work (I pitted one Israeli official whose self-incriminating words appeared in an article I wrote 10 years ago - the quote has re-surfaced in innumerable articles since then). There's much of this third-hand stuff. Her comments about Israel make one wonder if she ever was in the country. She quotes extensively from Dr.

Israel Shahak of the Hebrew University, and presents him as if he were a renowned, highly-respected human rights crusader. There is no mention that he says he is against the existence of Israel.

about records and documents of the Holy See relating to World War II. Shlomo Netzer comments on the Jewish underground press in Warsaw.

There is also a survey of the archives of the Swiss consul-general Charles Lutz, by Bronia Klibanski, and an account of the Sixth Labour Battalion in Slovakia.

THIS is the last volume edited by Livia Rothkirchen, the editor of *Yad Vashem* Studies VII-XV, who retired recently to devote herself to research. Livia Rothkirchen, a graduate of the Prague University, and the author of *Hurban Yehudei Slovakia* (The Destruction of Slovak Jewry) and other studies on the history of the Jews of Czechoslovakia and Hungary, deserves thanks for the many years she has given to bringing out these studies, and in particular for this volume.

Joseph Kermish provides an introduction to the diary of Hersch Wasser, which is reprinted verbatim, in a translation from the Yiddish. Werner Weinberg publishes his reminiscences of one of the last Nazi "transports," and John S. Conway writes

Anniversary volume

YAD VASHEM STUDIES: Volume XV, with a cumulative and subject index of all 15 volumes (1957-1983). Jerusalem, Yad Vashem. Edited by Livia Rothkirchen. 417 pp. Price not stated.

Alexander Zvielli

appear daily. New memoirs are published, and many new archives have become accessible. The studies which appear in Volume XV would have been unthinkable a quarter century ago.

LENI YAHIL writes on Raoul Wallenberg; Christopher R. Browning on the Final Solution in Serbia and

Controversy

LET THE CHILDREN COME: The Origins of Youth Aliya by Recha Freier. London. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 125 pp. No price stated.

Leah Abramowich

WHEN RECHA FREIER, who pioneered professional social work in Israel, died last year, the long controversy about who actually started Youth Aliya was terminated. In this short, badly-translated book, which has recently been reprinted, Recha Freier related her version.

In the early years of Nazi influence in Germany, a number of Jewish young people who had lost their jobs, simply because they were Jewish, turned to Communism. Recha Freier, a woman of great vision and energy, was upset when she failed to arouse the interest of the Zionist Organization of Germany in their fate.

She then turned to the kibbutz movement in Mandatory Palestine, which responded positively. In Palestine, they were considered a potential source of *aliya*. The Establishment laughed at her, and talked of a Children's Crusade. Even Henrietta Szold rejected the idea as impractical. But the young people were enthusiastic.

To make some price comparisons, I sought out the Shem-Tov shop on Tel Aviv's Rehov Dafna. I choose the term "sought out" deliberately, as it takes some maneuvering to reach it by car. The sole entrance to the street is from the Haifa Road, with a right turn just south of Arlosoroff, and parking can be a problem.

The Shem-Tov shop is drab and was almost deserted in mid-morning, though I'm told it has a good turnover. I found prices considerably lower than at ordinary supermarkets, and in many cases as low as in the discount stores run by real-life families in and around the open-air markets or other bargain districts.

I happened to encounter Eliahu Kramer, who manages the entire Shem-Tov chain for Co-op Tel Aviv-Dan Hasharon. He explained that these shops contain a selection of only 400-500 items, compared with the 5,000-6,000 found in a full-fledged Co-op Supermarket. The secret of lower prices, he said, is lower operating expenses, and a slim 5-15 per cent markup on wholesale costs.

BECAUSE IT IS part of a legitimate chain, Shem-Tov and Sons is compelled to ring up every item on the cash register, keep books accurately and pay VAT and other taxes. It must also pay union wages. These factors sometimes result in slightly higher prices at Shem-Tov and Sons than at the private family businesses it is trying to imitate.

Kramer told me proudly that sugar at Shem-Tov last mid-week was "the cheapest in town" - IS17.4 kilo. He based himself on the Kol Yisrael consumer-programme findings which were being flashed over the air-waves in the morning hours. On the 15th of the month, Shem-Tov raised some of its prices, including sugar, which went up to IS158 - still cheaper than the IS165 at its sister Co-op Supermarkets in the region, and well below the IS180 maximum controlled price on the government freeze-list. Shem-Tov last week was selling soybean oil labelled with the old price of IS650 a litre, whereas the ordinary Co-op had newer stock marked IS809.

I tried to compare Shem-Tov's prices in two directions - on the one

Numeracy

ONE MEZUZAH: A Jewish Counting Book by Carol Kitman and Ann Hurwitz. Chappaqua. N.Y. Rossel Books. \$6.95.

THIS BOOK, which teaches children to count in both Hebrew and English, is so deceptively simple one wonders why it hasn't been done before. The text is in English but Hebrew letters spell out each number from one to thirteen. Carol Kitman's beautiful pictures are subtle instruction in a tradition that matches Ann Hurwitz' understated text, which is bound to help inculcate pride in the young Jewish reader.

— PHYLLIS KRASILOVSKY

Small talk



MARKETING WITH MARTHA

hand, with the discount merchants near the parking lot of the Tel Aviv Carmel Market; and on the other, with the flagship store of the Co-op chain in Tel Aviv, the giant supermarket on Rehov Ibn Gvirol, next door to ZOA House.

Compared with the ordinary Co-op, there is no question that Shem-Tov represents a considerable saving, though the percentage varies widely from product to product. The prices at Super-Shuk, the warehouse-style hypermarkets of the same chain, fall somewhere between Co-op and Shem-Tov.

The significant savings do not come so much in low-cost food items such as sugar. After all, if a family buys two kilos of sugar per week, the monthly difference between Co-op and Shem-Tov will be a saving of a mere IS63. But if it is used to buying the three-kilo sack of Sod laundry detergent, the saving last week would have been IS556, as the price at Shem-Tov was IS3,888 while at Co-op it was IS4,444. This week, it has had a "special on Sod of IS4,400, lasting until Sunday, the 26th. But no-one has come down to the price my merchant in the Carmel market has been charging: IS1,300.

If you are not addicted to specific brands, you can save even more on cleaning products. For instance, Shem-Tov was selling a German-made detergent called Weiser Riese for IS2,950, compared with IS3,777 at Co-op - a difference of IS827.

An item with an even larger differential was Tampax in boxes of 40. The prices were IS6,300 for "regular" and IS7,200 for "super" at Co-op, compared with IS4,263 and IS4,559 at Shem-Tov - a saving of some IS2,000 per box. My merchant in the Carmel Market was still listing the "super" at IS2,100 last week - only he had none on the shelf.

IN FOOD products, the savings are significant, if less dramatic. All tinned and packaged foods cost less at

shortcoming of Shem-Tov and Sons, it would probably be its lack of publicity. Except for a flurry of promotion when it was launched last winter, this Co-op-affiliated chain seems to be a well-kept secret in the Histadrut corridors. Most of my Tel Aviv acquaintances are unaware of its existence, despite the presence of two branches in the city.

MY OFFICE mailbox the other day contained a glimpse of the shape of things to come in the shopping field. It was a brochure from the builders of the Canion-Ayalon suburban-style shopping mall under construction near the Ramat Gan Stadium. Slated to open this coming summer, it will encompass large stores and small boutiques, cafés, restaurants and four cinemas along an air-conditioned mall. The dominant anchors will be a Scheckem store at one end and a Super-Sol at the other. There will be free parking for 1,350 cars, expected to come from all over the Greater Tel Aviv area.

The project belongs to a new company on the Israeli scene, Canit Management, Investment and Financing Ltd., headed by David Azrieli of Montreal, and its managing director is Sar-Shalom Shtrum.

Its slick western-style newsletter, in Hebrew and English, claims that Canit is a new and original Hebrew term formed from the words for "shopping" and "parking" to denote an American-style mall.

Canion-Ayalon's management hosted a reception this week to exhibit the progress of the construction, which has been underway since September 1983.

Shops already contracted to inhabit the mall which will have space for almost 70 businesses, will sell everything from natural foods to pianos. The Canit management is temporarily located in the Diamond Centre at Ramat Gan (Tel. 03-255995 or 254995).

A SMALL news item appeared last week about the introduction of a special transport service for handicapped persons in the Greater Tel Aviv area. It consists of a vehicle, nicknamed a *nichoni* - for "invalid" and "car" - equipped with a hydraulic lift to accommodate wheelchairs, like the one used by Ironside in the famous TV series.

Area residents with a mobility handicap may order a ride in a *nichoni* by phoning 03-218993, a special line installed by the umbrella organization for the 22 public bodies aiding the handicapped (the regular line is 03-210780). Because there is only one vehicle functioning so far, transportation is available only between 9 a.m. and 4 p.m., and should be ordered a day in advance. There is a nominal charge of IS150 per kilometre to cover the cost of petrol.

The service allows 15-minute waits without charge for persons doing brief errands - or the vehicle will come back later for return transport on longer outings. It will go anywhere in Tel Aviv, Ramat Gan, Givatayim, Bnei Brak, Holon or Bat Yam.

The umbrella organization's chairman, Zippora Brun, a lawyer by profession, told me that the *nichoni* project is entirely a volunteer effort. The specially-adapted Peugeot station-wagon was donated by Peugeot importer David Lubinski, while the hydraulic lift was contributed by the Amir company, which makes them. The volunteer drivers are retired Egged cooperative members. The organization for the handicapped hopes to extend both the hours and the geographic range of this very-valuable service as soon as more vehicles and drivers are available.

If I could point to one major

Brun points out that Israel is one of the few developed countries that does not equip any of its regular buses for access by wheelchairs.

EVERY YEAR when I receive promotional material about various firms' "winter ice cream," I am reminded of my first years in Israel in the not-so-distant early '60s, when one could not find ice cream here in winter for love nor money. People believed it was "unhealthy" - and even today I occasionally encounter parents who refuse to allow their children ice cream in wintertime, although doctors have long debunked the notion that it is harmful. Whether one feels like eating the cold stuff in winter is another matter.

Strauss of Nahariya reports this season that its winter ice cream is made delicately "soft and airy" - attributes which are said to reduce the sensation of cold. A new product is called "mousse ice cream" and consists either of a vanilla ice cream centre with a border of chocolate mousse, or a punch-flavoured centre surrounded by vanilla mousse. The recommended price is IS716 for a 400-gm. package.

Among the new Strauss flavours in cream-rich winter ice cream is chocolate-um with raisins, sold at the same price as the less exotic flavours, IS936 per litre. (A litre of this ice cream weighs about 550 gm., the company tells me.) I found it confusing that the Strauss press release gave some prices by the kilo, others by the litre. On inquiring, I learned that the Health Ministry Food Administration regulations on labelling ice cream are currently in transition from weight to volume measurement.

As the rules stand today, all ice cream packages should be labelled by weight - though the manufacturer may also note the volume measure if he wishes. Soon, during an interim period of perhaps two years, manufacturers will be required to mark both weight and volume (i.e., kilos and litres). After that, volume measure will become the rule for ice cream here, as it is throughout the world.

A litre of ice cream weighs roughly 500-600 gm. - depending on how much air the manufacturer has forced into the product. In ice cream, a high percentage of air is desirable for good quality. Under an amendment to the Israeli official standard it is permitted to force up to 100 per cent of air into the ice cream mixture, instead of the previous 80 per cent so that the finished product is half air in volume.

For customers still reluctant to eat ice cream in winter, Strauss even offers one product specially designed to be heated in a hot oven to brown the top. This is called *ooglyor* and consists of individual portions of vanilla ice cream with chocolate syrup, minced nuts, and a whipped topping. It sells for IS1,354 for four portions.

THE ELITE company's popular candy-bar called *Pesek Z'man* is back for the winter; it was not sold in summer because it is too sensitive to heat. The recommended price for a 45-gm. bar of this milk chocolate filled with nut cream is IS385 but the Super-Sol chain is currently offering it at two for the price of one.

It is good to learn that the Motti Sweets and Chocolate Manufacturers Ltd. of Givatayim has acquired a \$100,000 order from importers in the United States. It will send some 35 tons of its specialty products - lemon and orange jelly slices and chocolate-coated peanut and crisped rice clusters - in time for Passover and Easter sales in the U.S.

Martha Meisel